







MILLESTONE

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Mr. Ross M. Mercer



Mr. John R. LeRoy



Miss Lydia Davison

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

### THE YEAR THAT IS PAST

Even the most confirmed wearer of rose-tinted glasses scarcely would claim '68-'69 as the best year of his life in the teaching profession — nor, I suspect, would it rate highly with the students either. It has been a year of disasters realized or threatened, of catastrophe all but incurred and still impending, of demonstrations, rioting and violence, of negotiations, strikes and public attitudes, of wickedness and sloppy thinking in high places, of naked, hateful racialism, of Power practised for its own sweet sake, negative and vapid, fatuous, destructive and entirely immoral.

At this School we have escaped most of these ills, but I have the feeling that, instead of counting this a virtue in ourselves, we should simply thank the accident of our few numbers and our intimacy in this building for the respite. Even so, the whole atmosphere we breathed was vitiated by the chaos all about us. I want you to think how fortunate we are and have been at this School in our avoidance of excess and happy preservation of a past on which to build a future.

Of the practitioners of this pollution let it be repeated: Better that a mill stone should be hanged about their necks and that they be drowned in the morass of their own making than that they should bring our world to final ruin.

# MILESTONE EDITORS

## Editorial

BARBARA KUEHL  
Editor and Biography  
Editor and Activities  
Editor



For many of the young, especially those under twenty-one, dialogue has broken down in a society which they consider worthless. It is obvious that adults have failed to communicate their most important ideals to the young. The contradictions of society are often felt but can also be as subtle as a line marking the differences between generations.

Hypocrisy rules in society when it tells youth to discipline itself while adults do as they like. The same adults who tell their sons and daughters to avoid drugs, gambling and sex will in their own age group, condone and participate in drinking, gambling, tax evasion, and so on.

Something has changed: the young are not falling into the pattern adults wish them to. A rebellion against such hypocrisy is now possible; youth challenges and questions its elders. This does not necessarily mean chaos. It can, rather, mean the opening of a new dialogue. Young people who have turned away from their puritanical background become open-minded and, when among their elders, are able to speak freely.

It is up to us now to aid in the rebirth of communication in our society. We should remember that new leaders and new generations will rise and replace us. Their ideas could be as radically different from ours as ours are from those of our elders. The insight and understanding which will come as we strive for an exchange of ideas with our elders will enable us, the students of the sixties, to communicate with those who will follow.

Barbara Kuehl, Editor



DAWN GILPIN  
Assistant Editor  
and Photography  
Editor

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Advertising Editor



SABINA WOLFE  
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Advertising  
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Art Editor



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Boy's Sports  
Editor



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Girl's Sports  
Editor



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and Science

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BERNIE CHMIELASH



BARBARA KUEHL



SHELDON KATENTAYER

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First Row: Sheila Chaplin, Dawn Gilpin, Susi Saab, Alice Rouah (chairman), Anne Diamond, Stephanie Hajdu, Naomi Kogan.



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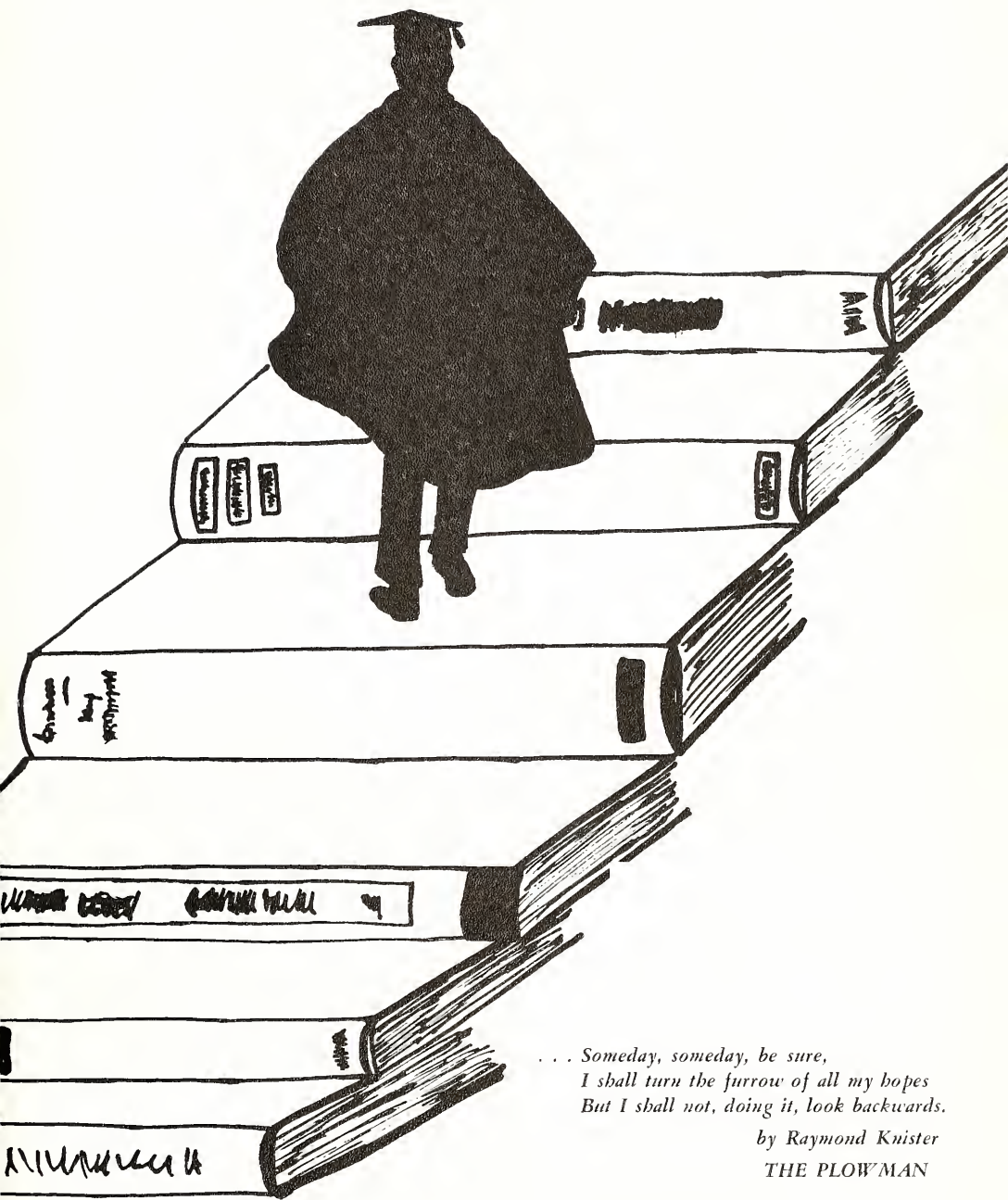
Third Row: Haig Oghigian, Neil Carpenter, Michael Weiss, Eric Bell, Paul Nichols, Leonard Bloom.

Second Row: Joanne Whitely, Dawn Gilpin, Susi Saab, Stephanie Hajdu, Carolyn Allan.

First Row: Brenda Tierney, Anne Diamond, Alice Rouah (chairman), Sheila Chaplin, Naomi Kogan.







*... Someday, someday, be sure,  
I shall turn the furrow of all my hopes  
But I shall not, doing it, look backwards.*

*by Raymond Knister  
THE PLOWMAN*



**GAIL ABRACEN**

*"A closed mouth gathers no feet"*  
 Fav. Exp.: Guess where I skied this weekend??  
 Amb.: Veterinarian  
 Prob. Dest.: A Ski Bum with a Zoo.  
 Pet Peeve: No snow at Christmas.  
 Claim to Fame: Her Head's 360's

**NANCY ABRACEN**

*"Everything in life is like a bath; once you get used to it, it's not so hot!"*  
 Fav. Exp.: Guess what? !  
 Amb.: Teacher  
 Prob. Dest.: Making little things count.  
 Pastime: Waiting for the phone to ring.  
 Pet Peeve: When the phone doesn't ring.  
 Act.: Red Cross Rep., Teachers' Club, Ski Club, Drama Club, Choir.



**HARVEY AISENTHAL**

*"Do unto others before they do unto you".*  
 Fav. Exp.: Are you kidding?  
 Amb.: To be a millionaire social worker.  
 Prob. Dest.: A hobo on welfare  
 Pastime: Getting English homework from Heather.  
 Pet Peeve: Insincere people and prejudiced people.  
 Claim to Fame: His turtleneck shirts.  
 Act.: Prefect, Intramural Sports, Debating Club, Public Speaking.



**SHARON ALEXANDER**

*"Don't you know it's a fool who plays it cool by making his world a little colder."*  
 Fav. Exp.: "You had to be there, Maas."  
 Amb.: To be a champion thumb wrestler.  
 Prob. Dest.: Thumb people have it and thumb people don't.  
 Claim to Fame: Her curly fingers.



**CAROLYN ALLAN**

*"Most girls prefer beauty to brains because most boys can see better"*  
 Fav. Exp.: Really! Tell me all about it.  
 Amb.: Secretary.  
 Prob. Dest.: On the boss's knee.  
 Pastime: Looking for someone who did their English homework.  
 Pet Peeve: Not being able to find someone who did the English.  
 Act.: Basketball, Volleyball, Refeing.

**COLLEEN ANDERSON**

*"When you're down the only way to go is up."*  
 Fav. Exp.: Ah!  
 Amb.: Writer.  
 Pastime: Well . . . anything there is to do.  
 Pet Peeve: Conformists who run down "conformists"  
 Claim to Fame: Brightly colored ribbons.  
 Act.: Class vice pres, '65, Class, Pres. '66, Class Secretary '67, Prefect, Librarian.



**HENRY APAI**

*"Throw a lucky man into the sea, and he comes up with a fish in his mouth."*  
 Fav. Exp.: Rock, you're off your stick.  
 Amb.: Medicine.  
 Prob. Dest.: Unlawful practice in Borneo South.  
 Pastime: Miscellaneous D. J'ing.  
 Pet Peeve: People who don't dance to James Brown.  
 Claim to Fame: His microphone.  
 Act.: Chef Club, Vista Staff, Rifley Club, Salad Days (almost).



**HANNA APELBAUM**

*"Know then thyself. The proper study of mankind is man."*  
 Fav. Exp.: What a riot!  
 Amb.: Somewhere in the field of medicine.  
 Prob. Dest.: Picking vegetables somewhere in a field.  
 Pastime: Talking on the phone.  
 Pet Peeve: Gym on Monday mornings.  
 Claim to Fame: That stunned look.  
 Act.: Choir, Baseball.

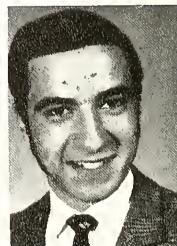


**NEIL ARANOFF**

*"Conform and enjoy one's society or it will make it tough for one to be individualistic."*  
 Fav. Exp.: oh well! C'est la vie.  
 Amb.: Forestry engineer in B.C.  
 Prob. Dest.: Hobo travelling across Canada.  
 Pastime: Hitch Hiking, Horseback Riding, Mountain Climbing, Camping Out.  
 Pet Peeve: Trying to do something which is rated unorthodox without bothering anyone but being bothered.  
 Claim to Fame: My love for nature.

**BERGE BARONIAN**

*"It's never too late to start all over."*  
 Fav. Exp.: That's right.  
 Amb.: Go to University.  
 Prob. Dest.: Mechanical Engineer.  
 Pastime: Reading books and listening to Music.  
 Pet Peeve: Losing a chess game.  
 Claim to Fame: A certain Accent.  
 Act.: Weight Lifting Club.





**HEATHER BERRY**

"My life with joy is sometimes  
fraught,  
But mostly when I'm doing naught."  
Fav. Exp.: WHAT !!!  
Pr. oh, Dest.: Registered Candy  
Striper.  
Pastime: Lending an ear for people  
to pour their troubles into.  
Pet Peeve: People who sit behind her  
in class and tickle her to see her  
jump.  
Claim to Fame: Her Algebra Mark.  
Act.: Red Cross, Choir, Prefect,  
Teacher's Club.

**LEONARD BLOOM**

"May the battle of the sexes never  
become a cold war."

Fav. Exp.: Am I ever wrong?  
Amb. Minister of Education.  
Prob. Dest.: Scrubbing floors for  
Jean-Guy Cardinal.  
Claim to Fame: Attempting to say  
"Similarly, Parallel Lines" . . .  
Act.: Students' Council President,  
Executive '65-'68, Graduation  
Dance Chairman '66, Public Speaking  
'65, '66, President Ski Club  
'66, '67, Sports Editor of Vista,  
Prince of '65.



**GARY BROWN**

"The Lord gave us two ends; one  
to think with and one to sit on.  
Our future depends on which we  
use; Heads we win, tails we lose."  
Fav. Exp.: The Fact is . . .  
Amb.: Research in some field of  
Biology.  
Prob. Dest.: One of St. I. H.'s many  
live specimens.  
Pastime: Tennis, Skiing, and trying  
to earn an honest dollar.  
Act.: Soccer, Basketball, Volleyball,  
Badminton, UN Club, Prefect, etc.



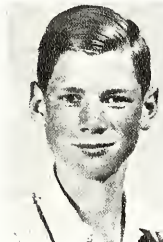
**DONALD CALLUM (Don)**

"Well, you may leave here  
For four days in Space  
But when you return  
It's the same damned place  
Hate your next door neighbour  
But don't leave a trace." Bob Dylan  
Amb.: Head Lab Technician at G.F.  
Prob. Dest.: Chief Test Tube Cleaner  
at ST. L.H.S.  
Pastime: Tickling Heather, Folk  
Festivals, Girls, and Taping borrowed  
folk albums.  
Pet Peeve: People who say I'm  
immoral.



**KEN CARPENTER**

"Dearest classmates do not weep, I'm  
not dead, but just asleep."  
Fav. Exp.: Now what didn't I do.  
Amb. Civil Engineer.  
Prob. Dest.: Conductor of CNR  
railway.  
Pastime: Supporting any team in  
the N.H.L. besides Montreal Cana-  
dians.  
Pet Peeve: Getting up on Monday  
morning.  
Claim to Fame: His freckles.  
Act.: Intramurals, Football Champs  
68-69.



**FRANCES BLACK**

"He who has never hoped can never  
despair (G. B. Shaw).  
Fav. Exp.: Thank Goodness It's  
Friday!  
Amb.: To get out of Montreal and  
travel.  
Prob. Dest.: Getting out of Montreal  
and travelling.  
Pastime: Isn't school enough? ! !  
Pet Peeve: Monday, Tuesday, Wed-  
nesday, Thursday.  
Act.: Choir, Prefect '68-'69.



**MAVIS BOOKER**

"To love more than yesterday  
but less than tomorrow."  
Fav. Exp.: Like, what can I say?  
Amb.: To live at home forever.  
Prob. Dest.: Dying at the age of 17.  
Pastime: Feeding her stomach and  
filling her head.  
Pet Peeve: Straight lines.



**GLEN CADNEY**

Fav. Exp. You'd better believe it!  
Amb. Engineer  
Prob. Dest.: Sweeping the drawing  
board for a real engineer  
Pastime: Sleep  
Pet Peeve: Work  
Claim to Fame: Who's famous?  
Prototype: Yogi Bear.



**JOSEPH CAROLLA (Joe)**

"It is better to say nothing and be  
thought a fool than to speak up  
and remove all doubt.  
Fav. Exp.: It's worth ! ! !  
Amb.: To travel around the world.  
Prob. Dest.: Ticket agent on the  
metro.  
Pastime: Hockey, Skiing, Chess.  
Pet Peeve: Having to stand up in  
Miss Davison's English class.

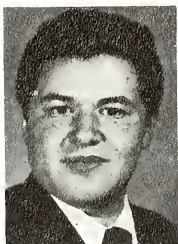


**PETER CHANTLER**

Fav. Exp.: Did you do your home-  
work?  
Amb.: To become an interior deco-  
rator.  
Pastime: Collecting records, travell-  
ing and photography.  
Pet Peeve: Too much English home-  
work!  
Claim to Fame: Always doing my  
homework on time.







**BERNIE CHMIELASH**

*"The trouble with trying to escape punishment is that you can only run as far as your conscience."*

Fav. Exp.: Allan, lend me your work.  
Amb.: (B.A.) Business Administrator.

Prob. Dest.: Bagel Baker with a B.A.

Pastime: Trying to get A.W. to go to C.S.L. with me.

Act.: Red Cross Pres., Student Council, Boy's Chef Club, Chess Club, Milestone Advertising.

**CAROL CIUP**

*"Coexistence or no existence — Pret Heim"*

Fav. Exp.: I don't know what you're talking about!

Amb.: To find one.

Prob. Dest.: To die, never having had ambition.

Pastime: Waiting for summer and sun.

Pet Peeve: Winter, cold.

Claim to Fame: Her frizzy hair and yellow shoes!

Act.: Basketball, Cheerleading Social Committee, Volley Ball, Soft Ball, Track and Field.



**YVONNE COUDREAU**

*"I look at you all — look at the love there that's sleeping."*

Fav. Exp.: What beautiful people!

Amb.: Bringing up flower-children.

Prob. Dest.: Explaining to Fred that it's better to be married.

Pastime: Maintaining the dual role of Yvonne and Yvonne 2.

Pet Peeve: Grease! (Brylcreem, etc.)

Claim to Fame: Emotional eyes that tell a strange tale.



**ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM**

Fav. Exp.: Get OUT ! !

Amb.: History, political science, writing ? ? ?

Prob. Dest.: Pushing a broom and shovel behind a horse on Mount Royal.

Pastime: Hitting library door with Hippy and Roth dodging the unfortunate, football, U.W.S.O.

Claim to Fame: Rarely smiles, unknown prefect.

Act.: Chess Club, Football Champs, Prefect U.N. Club, U.W.S.O.



**SHELDON DEITCHER**

*"The eye is a hungry mouth That feeds on the world."* (Jim Morrison)

Amb.: Your guess is as good as mine.

Prob. Dest.: My guess is as good as yours.

Pastime: Amongst other things; nothing.

Pet Peeve: Pet Peeves.

Claim to Fame: Pool Shark.

Act.: Red Cross Rep., Volleyball, Basketball and other ball games Ski-Club.



**SHEILA CHAPLIN**

*"The best way to uncolour the negro is to give the white man a white heart."*

Fav. Exp.: Help, Corruption!

Amb.: Fulfilling a dream.

Prob. Dest.: Nightmares.

Pastime: Solving Naomi's problems.

Pet Peeve: Inconsiderate and intolerant people.

Claim to Fame: Micro-mite.

Act.: Girls' Sports, Film Club, Student Council, Secretary-Treasurer, Social Committee.



**HOWARD COSSEVER**

*"A wedding ring is like a tourniquet — it cuts off your circulation."*

Fav. Exp.: Whoopie!

Amb.: To go to M.I.T.

Prob. Dest.: Ding dong school.

Pastime: Doing English homework.

Pet Peeve: Conceited people.

Act.: Prefect, Chess Club.



**IAN CREESE**

Fav. Exp.: Is that so ? ! ?

Amb.: To enter the field of agriculture.

Prob. Dest.: Being a farmhand.

Pastime: After nine.

Pet Peeve: People who have a pet Peeve.

Claim to Fame: His raccoon coat.

Act. Ski Club.



**RICHARD DARWISH**

*"Only he who enjoys living lives."*

Fav. Exp.: "See that Shelby over there it . . ."

Amb.: Lawyer.

Prob. Dest.: Needing one for speeding tickets.

Pastime: Car and driver, road and track, etc.

Pet Peeve: Weiss (the Big One).

Act.: Pres. Ski Club, Pres. Film Club, Bridge Club, Basketball Manager.



**DOUGLAS DEMPSTER**

*"Let us not look back in anger nor forward in fear, but around in awareness!" — James Thurber*

Amb.: Regular Officer Training Plan.

Prob. Dest.: Engineering at McGill.

Pet Peeve: Quebec Politics.

Act.: Vice-Pres. Students Council, Head Prefect, Film Society, U.N.

Club Pres., Choir.





**STEVEN MICHAEL DIAB**

*"Like the man said, 'I had a dream...'"*

Amb.: To be Cool.  
Prob. Dest.: To be a Fudgsicle.  
Pastime: Arguing and telling people where to go.  
Pet Peeve: Most people (especially conceited ones) and Kalpakis' zits Monday morning.  
Claim to Fame: The loudest guy in the world.  
Act.: Junior and Senior Interscholastic Basketball, Ski Club.

**LORETTA ELEY**

*"Each mind has its own method" — Emerson.*

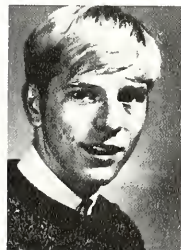
Fav. Exp.: Let's be rational !!!  
Amb.: Clinical psychologist.  
Prob. Dest.: Clinical Psychotic.  
Pastime: Trying to decipher undecipherable poetry.  
Pet Peeve: Having to solve geometry deductions by a logical process.  
Claim to Fame: The art of free conversation.  
Act.: United Nations Club, Badminton 66-68, Biology Club, Ski Club.



**GARY ENKEL**

*"It is our responsibilities, not ourselves, that we should take seriously."*

Fav. Exp.: Where's Kath?  
Amb.: To enter the credit field.  
Prob. Dest.: Being in debt the rest of his life.  
Pastime: Playing bridge at Kathy's.  
Pet Peeve: Being irritated when reading.  
Claim to Fame: Blond Hair.  
Act.: Football, Soccer, Shooting Club.



**KATHY FRANKLIN**

*"Sometimes I sit and think; mostly I sit."*

Fav. Exp.: Am I stupid !!!  
Amb.: Registered Nurse.  
Prob. Dest.: Cleaning bed pans.  
Pastime: Counting the minutes to the weekend.  
Pet Peeve: Feeding her dog, budgie, canary and rabbit before leaving for school each morning.  
Claim to Fame: The splotch of green in her right eye.  
Act. Prefect.



**RONA GALGANOV**

*"Life is a pathway of freshly fallen snow:  
Careful how you tread it, for every mark will show."*

Fav. Exp. Are you serious ? ? ? ?  
Amb.: To leave her foot-prints in the sands of time.  
Prob. Dest.: Beachcomber.  
Pastime: Trying to find more hours in each day.  
Claim to Fame: Her half pony-tail.  
Act.: Red Cross Executive, Vista Staff, Teacher's Career Club, Intermural Sports, Softball, Volleyball 66-68.



**ANNE DIAMOND**

*"I love you more today than yesterday, but less than tomorrow."*

Fav. Exp.: You're pretty funny for a kid that can't...  
Amb.: Physical Education Teacher.  
Prob. Dest.: Blowing up basketballs.  
Pastime: Trying to convince people that she's not really crazy.  
Act.: Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton, Gymnastics, Field Hockey, Softball, Green House Captain, Cheerleader, Social Committee, Winter Carnival Committee, Prefect



**MAUREEN JOY ELLIS (MoJo)**

*"Naive you are if you believe life favours those who aren't naive." — Peit Hein.*

Fav. Exp.: Are we nearly there yet?  
Amb.: Commercial Artistry.  
Pastime: Stewart.  
Pet Peeve: Broken feet ! ! !  
Claim to Fame: Being very unreasonable.



**ROBERT FRANK**

*"The fickleness of the woman I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me."*

Fav. Exp.: What a boob.  
Amb.: Lawyer.  
Prob. Dest.: Negotiating for the teachers.  
Claim to Fame: Tall, dark, handsome (no comments please).  
Act.: Interscholastic Basketball, Soccer, Intermural Basketball, Soccer, Badminton, Volleyball, Softball, Football, etc.



**BRIAN FREESTON**

*Roses are Red, Violets are blue,  
Some people like flowers, but I like "Brew".*

Fav. Exp.: I'll think about it.  
Amb.: Another Donovan.  
Prob. Dest.: Tuning guitars for Dylan.  
Pastime: Playing guitar while talking on the phone.  
Pet Peeve: Girls with falls.  
Claim to Fame: Naturally stoned.



**DAWN ELIZABETH GILPIN**

*"The noble art of losing face  
May one day save the human race  
And turn into eternal merit  
What weaker minds would call disgrace."*

Fav. Exp.: Me ? ? ?  
Amb.: Modelling.  
Prob. Dest.: Clay ? ? ?  
Pastime: CHAMPION SKI FALLER  
Claim to Fame: Miss CFOX  
Act.: All sports, Ski Club, Publicity Committee, Cheerleader, Social and Winter Carnival Committee, Student Council Executive, Red Cross Rep.







### EARL GLAZER

*"In knowledge lies wisdom."*

Fav. Exp.: You're the kind of guy that bobs for applesauce.  
Amb.: Architect.

Prob. Dest.: Designing white sheets of paper.

Pastime: Sleeping off the hangover I get in school.

Pet Peeve: Homework, people, and other ugly things.

Act.: U.N. Club, all intramural sports.

### IAN GRANT

*"Life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?"*

Fav. Exp.: "Don't bug."

Amb.: To marry a rich girl.

Prob. Dest.: She goes bankrupt.

Pet Peeve: Filling out dumb questionnaires like this one.

Claim to Fame: Being good at everything.

Act.: Too numerous to mention.



### ANNE GRANT

*"Boys are like drugs for me, I go from one dope to another."*

Fav. Exp.: Karen, can I borrow your brush?

Amb.: To be an airline stewardess.

Prob. Dest.: Waiting on 6 kids.

Pastime: Trying to pass Math.

Pet Peeve: People who leave the "E" off my name.

Claim to Fame: My long blond hair.

Act.: Intramural Basketball, Softball, Badminton, Volleyball, Interscholastic Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton



### MARGARET ELISE GRINSTEAD

*"Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"*

Fav. Exp.: There's nothing I like better than a good waste of time.

Amb.: To be a famous Opera singer or Classical singer.

Prob. Dest.: Singing commercials.

Pastime: Designing houses, would you believe cardboard boxes?

Pet Peeve: Monday mornings and those History classes.

Claim to Fame: My - - - - - voice

Act.: Choir, Skiing.



### STEPHANIE HAJDU

*"Living is a thing you do. Now or never — which do you?"*

Fav. Exp.: But where's the food?!

Amb.: Interior Decorator.

Prob. Dest.: Chamber Maid.

Pet Peeve: Stewart Spence.

Claim to Fame: Mouching lunches.

Act.: Drama Club, Publicity Committee, Track and Field, Prefect, Ski Club.

### ALAN HAWES

Fav. Exp.: Wait until we get outside.

Amb.: Freelance photographer.

Prob. Dest.: Dishwasher.

Pastime: Golf.

Pet Peeve: People who talk about the accident.

Claim to Fame: Billiards.

Act.: Soccer, Rugby, Badminton, Swimming.



### LAUREL HAYWARD

*"Work fascinates me, I can sit and look at it for hours."*

Fav. Exp.: Keep it cool!

Amb.: Nurse.

Prob. Dest.: Washing diapers for a large family.

Pastime: Trying to do too many things at once

Pet Peeve: Never succeeding in doing anything at once.



### FRANK HERMAN

*"Whenever I get the urge to do homework, I just lie down until it goes away."*

Fav. Exp.: Better dead than Red.

Amb.: Commercial Transport Pilot.

Prob. Dest.: Hijacking planes to Cuba.

Pastime: Football, Hockey.

Pet Peeve: English class.

Act.: U.N. Club.



### LORRAINE HOLLINGWORTH

*"Turn your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow."*

Fav. Exp.: That's got to be a classic ! !

Amb.: To be an obstetrical nurse.

Prob. Dest.: Holding Mr. Berry's hand while his wife is having their next child.

Pastime: The "triangle" (trying to find the formula).

Claim to Fame: "Sweet" (!) Lorraine.

Act.: Choir, Biology Club, Drama Club, Badminton 67-68, Ski Club.

### REINA HONIGMAN

*"Even the great oak was once a little nut like me."*

Fav. Exp.: Horrabilis!

Amb.: Child Psychologist.

Prob. Dest.: Having 23 kids of my own to analyze.

Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.

Pet Peeve: People who lean on me.

Prototype: Good things come in small packages.

Act.: Vista, Red Cross, Ski Club, Cheerleading 67-68.







**BRIAN HOUSTON**

*"Teacher, teacher, do not weep  
I'm not dead, I'm just asleep."*  
Amb.: Geological Reseacher.  
Prob. Dest.: Boiling blubber on  
Baffin Island.  
Pastime: Sleeping.  
Pet Peeve: People with "Jungle  
Mouth."  
Claim to Fame.: Blond curly hair.  
Act.: Chess Club '68, Bridge Club,  
Prefect Board.

**WENDY JOHNSON**

*"They serve God well who serve his  
creatures."*  
Fav. Exp.: "Did we have Chemis-  
try?"  
Amb.: Wendy Johnson, R. N.  
Prob. Dest.: Taking pulses at the  
S.P.C.A.  
Pastime: Trying to pass algebra,  
plus chemistry, plus etc. etc.  
Pet Peeve: Not quite passing alge-  
bra, etc. etc.  
Claim to Fame: Her malapropisms.  
Act.: Prefect, Red Cross, Choir, Bas-  
ketball.



**GLEN KENNEDY**

Fav. Exp.: I'll do it tomorrow.  
Amb.: To own a stable of racing  
horses.  
Prob. Dest.: The \$2.00 betting  
wicket.  
Pastime: Barbara, Barbara, Bar, Bar..  
Pet Peeve: When Miss Davison re-  
fuses to believe that his closing  
his eyes in English class is "con-  
templative meditation."  
Claim to Fame: His knowledge of  
every night club in Montreal, and  
a few outside.  
Act.: Ski-doing, clubbing, living and  
loving. (and poetry).



**NAOMI KOGAN**

*"It is a far far better thing I do  
than I have ever done before."*  
Fav. Exp.: Phenomenal.  
Amb.: Social worker.  
Prob. Dest.: The funny farm.  
Pet Peeve: People who tell her to  
calm down.  
Prototype: Lucy (Peanuts).  
Act.: Student Council '67, Secretary  
of Film Club, Social committee,  
Ski Club, Intramural sports.



**MICHAEL KUJAWSKI**

*"It's worth it, eh?"*  
Fav. Exp.: I was away yesterday.  
Amb.: Electrician.  
Prob. Dest.: College.  
Pastime: Reading.  
Pet Peeve: Losing at chess.  
Claim to Fame: Making money.  
Act.: Hockey, Football, Baseball.

**MONA ITEL**

*"Life is like footsteps in the sand,  
each step forward leaves an im-  
pression behind."*  
Fav. Exp.: That's the way it goes!  
Amb.: To become a pearl of wisdom.  
Prob. Dest.: Trapped in an oyster.  
Prototype: Chatty Cathy.  
Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.  
Cher. Mem.: High-heeled sneakers.  
Each new day brings new me-  
mories.  
Claim to Fame: "Freckles".  
Act.: Talking and more talking, Bad-  
minton, Teacher's Club, Red Cross.



**PAUL KALPAKIS**

Fav. Exp.: You'll be alright in the  
morning.  
Amb.: To see the world.  
Prob. Dest.: Not enough pinky  
stamps.  
Pastime: The Inn.  
Pet Peeve: Raids.  
Claim to Fame: My ugly Bug.  
Act.: Basketball, Red Cross Rep.,  
Class Pres., Ski Club, Chess Club.



**PAULA KLEIN**

*"I was sick last nite,  
I was sick the nite before  
It's Friday nite  
I'm not sick anymore !!!"*  
Fav. Exp.: Check the swinger !!!  
Amb.: X-Ray Technician.  
Prob. Dest.: Taking pictures of him.  
Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.  
Cher. Mem. Dec. '67 - June '68.  
Claim to Fame: Talking, Talking,  
Talking.  
Act.: Ski Club, Teacher's Club, Red  
Cross.



**BARBARA KUEHL**

*"Weeping may endure for a night,  
but joy cometh in the morning."*  
Cher. Mem. Feb. 3, 1968.  
Amb.: Journalist.  
Prob. Dest.: Ski bum.  
Pastime: Skiing, skiing, skiing !!!  
Pet Peeve: Waiting for snow.  
Claim to Fame: BK's, get it?  
Act.: Student Council Exec., Ski  
Club, Milestone, Vista, Ski Patrol,  
Skiing, People, Poetry.



**GEORGE LAGENDYK**

*"A closed mouth gathers no feet."*  
Fav. Exp.: I'm going to get you...  
Amb.: To be around when the AA's  
win the Grey Cup.  
Prob. Dest.: Dying before that time.  
Pastime: Watching the New York  
Jets in action.  
Pet Peeve: The morning after the  
night before.  
Act.: Prefect, '67-69, Chef's Club,  
French Club, Football '67-69.





**TINA LESSER**

*"The snow is falling softly,  
The earth has vanished leaving only  
sky."*

Fav. Exp.: (Untranslatable from its original language).

Amb.: To be happy.

Prob. Dest.: To stay in St. Laurent High all her life.

Pet Peeve: People who only pretend to care about their friends.

Act.: Red Cross Rep. '67, Choir '66 and '68, Ski Club '67, Intramural Softball '66, Public speaking.

**CHUNG-HO (Howard) LEUNG**

*"The Yangtze never flows backward;  
no more can Age understand  
Youth."*

Fav. Exp.: Oh, it's too expensive, how come??

Amb.: Electrical engineer.

Prob. Dest.: Lightbulb salesman.

Pastime: Working in the store.

Pet Peeve: People he doesn't convince.

Claim to Fame: He is very quiet.

Act.: Guitar, Dancing, Stamp collecting, Swimming.



**ELAINE LEVY (Lani)**

*"More than a handful is a waste"*

Amb.: Teacher.

Prob. Dest.: Being taught.

Pastime: T. H. E. Gang.

Pet Peeve: Bev preaching weight-watcher's at lunch.

Claim to Fame: Her Big Feet!

Act.: Choir, Choir committee, teachers club



**CHERYLL LUTTERMAN (Shay)**

*"When I make up my mind, I'm  
full of indecision."*

Fav. Exp.: Ya know who called last night?

Amb.: To go to Mac's and become a teacher.

Prob. Dest.: Ending up with Max.

Pastime: Running from one phone to another.

Claim to Fame: Her pleasant nature (??)

Act.: Choir, Badminton, Teacher's Club, Drama Club, Milestone, and living.



**RHODA MAGID**

*"A warning for those who chance  
to meet a wild glump coming late  
at night down a dark street past  
a graveyard, all alone in a storm.  
"Don't bump the glump!"*

Fav. Exp.: I just spoke to him last night and he told me that...

Amb.: 1) Teacher 2) Social-worker.

Prob. Dest.: Working socially in the PTA.

Prototype: Granny Goodwitch.

Cher. Mem.: Summer of '67, and weekly parties of '68.

Act.: Intramural Volleyball, Choir.

**BENJAMIN EDWARD MAHLAB**

*"The man who sits on a thumbtack  
soars to great heights!"*

Fav. Exp.: Vive le Québec Libre.

Amb.: To write like Mr. LeRoy.

Prob. Dest.: Writing like Nichols.

Pet Peeve: Reina's pudgy toes.



**PAULA MARCOVITCH**

*"Lost: Sixty golden minutes, each  
set with sixty golden seconds. No  
reward is offered — for they are  
lost forever."*

Fav. Exp.: ... O.K.? ... O.K.!

Amb.: To get ahead.

Prob. Dest.: An Executioner.

Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.

Pet Peeve: When nobody "interestin"

Claim to Fame: Her "open house" parties that aren't really parties.

Act.: Ski Club, Teacher's Club, Red Cross.



**NANCY MURPHY**

*"He who sits on thumbtacks  
will attain great heights!"*

Fav. Exp.: Stop it, Rodney!

Amb.: To convince Heather Berry.

Prob. Dest.: She's not my type.

Pastime: Singing for Rodney.

Pet Peeve: Food ???

Claim to Fame: Singing !!!

Act.: Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton, Field Hockey, Intramural Sports, Singing.



**MARIA NECKEL**

*"If blind lead the blind, both shall  
fall into the ditch."*

Fav. Exp.: That's cute!

Amb.: To be a success.

Prob. Dest.: To be a failure.

Pastime: Loitering in the halls.

Pet Peeve: Washing dishes.

Claim to Fame: Her glorious height.

Act.: Choir '65-'66, '68-'69, Volleyball, Basketball, Gymnastics.

**HRATCH NERDJIVANIAN**

*"Women; you can't live without  
them and you can't live with them!"*

Fav. Exp.: Well... uh... sorry... but

Amb.: Architect (Engineer).

Prob. Dest.: Sanitary Engineer.

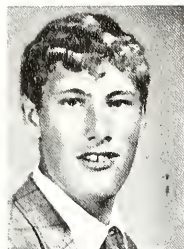
Pastime: Cleaning the boys wash-room.

Pet Peeve: Dirty washrooms.

Claim to Fame: His clean jokes ???

Act.: Interscholastic Soccer, Basketball, Weightlifting Club.





**GARY NEWTON**

*"Inflation is defined as what makes balloons larger and candy bars smaller."*

Amb.: Lawyer.  
Prob. Dest.: Judge at Prefect Court.  
Pastime: Putting my Hair up in curlers.  
Pet Peeve: Curl-Free and unsuccessful permanents.  
Claim to Fame: My naturally curly hair.  
Act.: Ski Club, Class Pres., Intermural Sports, Interscholastic Basketball and Soccer, Prefect.

**DAVID NORTHCOTT**

*"Do I see a vacuum here or are you going blind?"*

Fav. Exp.: I try as good as I is.  
Amb.: Journalist.  
Prob. Dest.: Writing the "Dear David" column in the Terrebonne Times.  
Pastime: Moonshining on Friday nights and attending funerals on Saturdays.  
Pet Peeve: Toronto, surfing records, conceit, egotistical people.  
Act.: Trying to be as inactive as possible.



**WILLIAM P. NICHOLS ("Nik")**

Amb.: Orthopaedic surgeon and ski bum.  
Prob. Dest.: Tow (toe) operator.  
Pet Peeve: Those not convinced of my modesty.  
Claim to Fame: The most beautiful stroke in the world.  
Act.: All sports, Pres. Bridge Club, Lonely Hearts Club.



**PEARL PAL**

*"An education is supposed to make a better person of you. For Heaven's sake, what happened to me?"*

Fav. Exp.: I think I'll take this afternoon off.  
Amb.: Nurse.  
Prob. Dest.: Laughing my way out of first year's training.  
Pastime: Sitting by the telephone waiting for Steve to call.  
Act.: Basketball, Volleyball, Field Hockey, Gymnastics, Cheerleader, Biology Club, Swimming Club, Referee, Badminton, Softball.



**GARY "Gunner" PLASTINO**

*"The meek shall inherit the earth" so keep off my property!*

Fav. Exp.: Play it cool !!!  
Amb.: Psychiatrist.  
Prob. Dest.: Self-analysis.  
Pastime: Shooting with the Dominion Marksman.  
Pet Peeve: People who think they are better than anyone else.  
Claim to Fame: Bad jokes.  
Act.: Choir, Chess Club, Intramural Football, Pres. Weightlifting Club, S.L.H.S. Rifle Club, Red Cross.



**MOIRA POLNEY**

*"To love a man is virtuous, to understand him is wisdom."*

Fav. Exp.: I HATE HIM !!!  
Amb.: Social Welfare Worker.  
Prob. Dest.: Living off Welfare.  
Pastime: Going to Ahuntsic.  
Pet Peeve: People who think I'm quiet.  
Claim to Fame: My bell-bottom jeans.  
Act.: Softball, Gymnastics, Folk-Singing Club.



**JOHN "Hippie" POWELL**

*"If time can pass, why can't I?"*

Fav. Exp.: Watch your step, follow the guide.  
Amb.: Lawyer.  
Prob. Dest.: Playing drums, and pushing around in a discotheque.  
Pastime: Hitting library door with A.E.C. and Rothe, writing life history on the inside of locker.  
Pet Peeve: English class, French class, straight people, educational movies on drugs.  
Claim to Fame: Student activist, (P.A.S.S.), U.W.S.O.



**STEPHEN RAE**

Fav. Exp.: Very interesting.  
Amb.: Lawyer.  
Prob. Dest.: Pleading guilty to car theft.  
Pet Peeve: Conceit.  
Act.: Chess Club, S.L.H.S. Marksman, Prefect Board.



**MICHAEL ROCKBRAND**

*"Romeo, where art thou? Shut up and get me already!"*

Fav. Exp.: No. Smith, not now!  
Amb.: Writer.  
Prob. Dest.: No, my probable destiny is not two lines.  
Pastime: A bore.  
Pet Peeve: I hate Smith, I hate Smith, I hate Smith, I hate Smith, I hate Smith.  
Claim to Fame: My intelligence.  
Act.: Elvis Presley Appreciation Club, Elvis Presley Record Club, E. P. Fan Club, E. P. Lonely Hearts Club.



**OWEN ROSENZWEIG**

*"To be or not to be."*

Fav. Exp.: "Here come the Judge."  
Amb.: To work in the Hospital Labs.  
Prob. Dest.: To work in the parking lot as an attendant.  
Pet Peeve: Not to be allowed to do what my brother does.  
Claim to Fame: My work in school.  
Act.: Skiing and T.V.







**ALICE ROUHI**

*"It is not enough to do good; but one must do it the right way!"*  
(Rousseau)

Fav. Exp.: Stop it, I like it!  
Amb.: Commercial Artist.  
Prob. Dest.: Etching on walls of public washrooms.  
Pastime: Prototype — Black Beauty (any resemblance to the horse is purely coincidental).  
Pet Peeve: Boys who wear undershirts.  
Act.: Ski Club, Cheerleaders, Social Committee, Sports.

**PAM ROURKE**

*"All talked about peace. But who of us listened?"*

Fav. Exp.: There's only 1300 minutes left till the weekend.  
Amb.: Registered Nurse.  
Prob. Dest.: Florence Nightingale?  
Pastime: Counting the minutes of school left till the weekend.  
Pet Peeve: Teachers who called me "Pamela".  
Act.: Senior Basketball Team, Green House, Bridge Club, Prefect '68-69.



**LOUISE SCHRIER**

*"Romance is one of our most precious and indestructible illusions... A thing of mists, self-persuasion and fantasy."*

Fav. Exp.: One Minute...!  
Amb.: Obstetrical Nurse.  
Prob. Dest.: Occupying the maternity ward.  
Pastime: Creating emotional poetry and breaking guitar strings.  
Pet Peeve: Being told she's too emotional!  
Cher. Mem.: Camp Lakeview. '68



**MARLA SEGAL**

*"Happiness is like jam — when you spread it, you can't help getting some on yourself."*

Fav. Exp.: ... you know?  
Amb.: To be a lamp of learning.  
Prob. Dest.: The light that failed.  
Prototype: "This side of innocence" — well, there are two sides to every story.  
Act.: Student Council Exec., Red Cross, Teachers' Club, Ski Club, Prefect, E. R. and M. W.  
Cher. Mem.: That wonderful summer.



**BEV SHINDER**

*"Speak with thine eyes for I can't stand your breath."*

Fav. Exp.: I'm telling you.  
Amb.: Dietitian.  
Prob. Dest.: Fat lady in the circus.  
Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.  
Prototype: The Calorie Kid.  
Pet Peeve: "Those little secrets".  
Cher. Mem.: Saddle shoes.  
Claim to Fame: Her gum.  
Act.: Red Cross Rep., Teacher's Club, Ski Club.



**KATHLEEN SHIAO**

*"A problem is a solution in disguise."*

Fav. Exp.: Aie!  
Amb.: Computer programmer.  
Prob. Dest.: Programmed computer.  
Pet Peeve: People who sneak up behind me.  
Claim to Fame: My little brown bottle at lunch.  
Act.: Intramural and Scholastic Sports, Ski Club, Vice-President of the United Nations Club, Math Club '67-'68, Prefect '68-'69.

**JEFFREY SHINDLER**

*"Homework is mind over matter, if you don't mind it doesn't matter."*

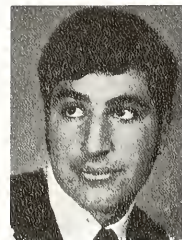
Fav. Exp.: Hey Howard, do we have any English?  
Amb.: Biologist.  
Prob. Dest.: Cleaning up after a dissection.  
Pastime: Hanging around 307 at lunch.  
Pet Peeve: English Homework.  
Act.: Chess Club, Volleyball, Basketball, U.N.



**SYLVAIN SINCHIN**

*"La plus belle femme du monde ne peut offrir que ce qu'elle a."*

Fav. Exp.: Where is the bread you owe me, Smith?  
Amb.: Take over after Moïse.  
Prob. Dest.: De Gaulle's successor  
Pastime: Forgetting about English homework.  
Pet Peeve: "Monsieur" Mercer  
Claim to Fame: My great French  
Prototype: Maurice Chevalier  
Act.: Rugger, Soccer, Volleyball.



**RONALD SMITH**

*"The children are going hungry and the good men are dying."*

Fav. Exp.: I know a man, there he died.  
Amb.: To form a "Lonely Hearts Club" with Steve Diab.  
Prob. Dest.: Getting the bum end of the deal.  
Pastime: Trying to convince Paula M. that her legs are too long for her nylons.  
Act.: Ski Club '65-'68, Boys Chef Club '67, Intramural Basketball '65-'67, Soccer, Football, Chess Club '67, Student Council '65-'68, Runner up Prince '66.

**DIANA (Diane) STAHR**

*"The loss of our illusions is the only loss from which we never recover."*  
(Ouida)

Fav. Exp.: You mean your article isn't in yet?  
Amb.: Biochemist or computer scientist.  
Pastime: Still trying to figure out trigonometry!  
Prob. Dest.: Trying to figure out trigonometry.  
Pet Peeve: Being called Diana!  
Claim to Fame: Her travels — past and future.  
Act.: "Vista" Editor, Student's Council executive, Swimming, Skiing.





# WEBB STANLEY

*"Love is just a chemical reaction, but it's fun trying to find the formula."*

Fav. Exp.: Pink elephants are beasts of bourbon.

Amb.: To leave the "Belle Province."

Prob. Dest.: Exiled for inciting a French riot.

Pastime: Girl-watching.

Pet Peeve: English.

Act.: Interscholastic Soccer, Intramural Sports, Prefect.

# GLORIA STEINBUCH

*"A child said to a butterfly, 'You live but a day' 'But a day,' said the butterfly, 'is a time.'"*

Fav. Exp.: "I'm here, miss Bett!"

Amb.: Psychology.

Prob. Dest.: Keeping the couch warm

Cher. Mem.: 7/12/68.

Claim to Fame: Adding two and two and getting five.

Act.: Class President, '65-'66, Ski Club, '66-'68, Vista Staff, Teacher's Club, Librarian, Choir, Drama Club, '66-'67.



# LEWIS SWEETZKY

Fav. Exp.: What? I heard you the 1st time.

Amb.: Motor Mechanic.

Prob. Dest.: Working in a Car Wash.

Pet Peeve: Howework, studying and D. Murphy's stupid sayings.

Claim to Fame: Works at Steinberg's.

Act.: Interschool, Basketball, Interschool Soccer, Intramural Football, Soccer, Basketball, Volleyball, Referee.



# DAVID TABAH

*"Money is the root of all evil but is it ever sweet?"*

Fav. Exp.: WOW!

Amb.: To grow money or . . .

Prob. Dest.: Not worth thinking about.

Pastime: Floating to music, and

"The Bus Stop."

Pet Peeve: People who hassle me

(W.W.J.)

Claim to Fame: His bummers.

# BRENDA TIERNEY

*"Love does much but money does everything."*

Fav. Exp.: Whippy-Dip!

Amb.: To be an artist.

Prob. Dest.: A dandy doodler.

Pastime: Being her brothers' amateur sports fan.

Pet Peeve: Having no pet peeve.

Claim to Fame: Her cents of humour.



# GORDON TITLEY

*"Long ago there was a prophecy of great things to come . . . well here I am."*

Fav. Exp.: "That's my name, don't wear it out . . .!"

Amb.: Engineer at Air Canada.

Prob. Dest.: Blowing up Zeppelins.

Pastime: Eating, girl-watching, playing poker, and driving a little black Valiant.

Pet Peeve: My last name.

Claim to Fame: His sunshine glow.

Act.: Biology Club, Ski Club, Drama Club, Math Club, and Film Club.



# LINDA TRAXLER

*"Illusion is the first of all pleasures"*  
Voltaire

Fav. Exp.: Next . . .

Amb.: Teacher.

Prob. Dest.: Getting taught a few things.

Pet Peeve: "I'm not allowed to do anything in this house."

Claim to Fame: Daddy-long-legs and abdominal muscles.

Act.: Ski Club, Film Club, Intramural Sports, Swimming and Gymnastics.



# SUSAN TRESS

*"There will come a time when everybody who is lonely will love!"*

Fav. Exp.: Like I really don't know!

Amb.: To do my thing.

Prob. Dest.: Just doing.

Pastime: Spiritual enlightenment.

Pet Peeve: Plastic.

Act.: Guitar playing.

# LEO TURKEL

*"No great genius is without an admixture of madness." Aristotle.*

Fav. Exp.: What's my second favorite expression?

Amb.: Millionaire playboy.

Prob. Dest.: Hippie.

Pastime: Smiling, laughing, eating, sleeping, and if there's more time, maybe a little work.

Claim to Fame: The smile, what else?

Act.: Bridge Club, Film Club, Interscholastic Soccer, Scorer, various other things.



# MARY TYLIAKOS

*"The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together."*

Fav. Exp.: "Life's but a walking shadow"

Amb.: To get a teaching degree, and then to study interior decorating.

Pastime: Swimming, skating and living.

Pet Peeve: To forget something important.

Act.: Badminton, Choir, Basketball, Volleyball, Softball, Red Cross Rep, Biology Club.







**ANITA VATCH**

*"I hear no evil, see no evil, do no evil, but I think about it constantly."*

Fav. Exp.: That's cute!  
Amb.: Stewardess.  
Prob. Dest.: Flying High.  
Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.  
Cher. Mem.: Oct. 11/67.  
Prototype: Devil or angel?  
Act.: Red Cross, Production Manager, Library Assistant, and M. V.

**ADA WALSH**

*"Here's to tears of friendship. May they crystallize as they fall and be worn as jewels by those whom we love."*

Fav. Exp.: That doesn't tickle my pink!  
Amb.: To be a fountain of knowledge.  
Prob. Dest.: A mere droplet.  
Pastime: T.H.E. Gang.  
Act.: Student Council rep., Teacher's Club, Cheerleader '66-'67, "The Name Game."



**MICHAEL "Miklos" WEISS**

*"The force whereby a man persists in existing is limited, and is indefinitely surpassed by the power of external causes." — Spinoza*

Fav. Exp.: Use it before you lose it.  
Amb.: To be Prime Minister of Canada.  
Prob. Dest.: Foreign Ambassador to Hungary.  
Act.: Senior Basketball, Junior Basketball, Senior Soccer, Lonely Hearts Club, D.J., vice pres. of Bridge Club, Chess Club, Ski Club, Film Club, all Intramural Sports & Marla



**JOANNE WHITELEY**

*"Lay this unto your breast: Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best."*

Fav. Exp.: Who me? . . . Never!  
Amb.: Fashion Designer.  
Prob. Dest.: Sticking pins in a Voo-doo Doll.  
Pastime: Dancing, socializing, recuperating.  
Claim to Fame: Octagonal Glasses  
Act.: Badminton, Softball, Choir, Publicity Committee.



**ALLAN WINIKOFF (Winnie)**

*"Intelligence runs in my family, but it ran right past me."*

Fav. Exp.: Well, I don't know!  
Amb.: Architect.  
Prob. Dest.: Designing a Chinese Junk!  
Pastime: Existing.  
Pet Peeve: People who don't do their homework and manage to get away with it.  
Claim to Fame: His naturally curly hair.



**BARBARA VLAHAC**

*"Love of country is the first virtue of civilized man."*

Fav. Exp.: That's true!  
Amb.: Marine biologist.  
Prob. Dest.: Feeding goldfish in a petshop.  
Pastime: Borrowing Latin exercises and lending English homework.  
Pet Peeve: People who spell her last name wrong.  
Claim to Fame: Her Pepsodent smile.  
Act.: Basketball, Volleyball, Softball, Gymnastics, Badminton, Library Assistant '66-'67 and '67-'68.



**GEORGE WARREN**

Amb.: Sanitary Engineer.  
Prob. Dest.: Cleaning lockers in St. Laurent High.  
Pastime: Cleaning my locker.  
Claim to Fame: Beanie.  
Act.: Choir, Rifle Club, Intramural Sports.



**STEPHEN JOHN WHITE**

*"Only the good die young, so why worry?"*

Fav. Exp.: Fantastic . . .  
Amb.: Phys. Ed. Teacher.  
Prob. Dest.: Steve keeps us wondering just what he'll be teaching to whom.  
Pastime: Whistling "Purple Haze" in History. (You should try it).  
Act.: His most time and effort-consuming activity has been to get through high school before he retires.



**HEATHER WILLS**

*"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet."*

Fav. Exp.: Bother!  
Amb.: To become a Librarian.  
Pet Peeve: People who tickle her as she is getting books from the top shelf of her locker.  
Claim to Fame: Being extraordinarily ticklish.  
Act.: Assistant head Prefect, Choir '65-'67, Teacher's Club '67-'68, Badminton.



**SABINA WOLFE**

*"The more I see of people the more I like cats."*

Fav. Exp.: Take it as it comes.  
Amb.: A career in Biological Research.  
Prod. Dest.: Washing test tubes.  
Pet Peeve: Being called Sabean.  
Claim to Fame: Her mother's moon (Poppyseed) cookies.  
Act.: Intramural Sports, Ski Club, Biology Club, Vista, Prefest '68-'69, Mixed Badminton, Milestone.





# 10 P

## DAVID MARSH

*"Shock it to me."*

Fav. Exp.: Keep cool.  
Amb.: To be a head.  
Prob. Dest.: Mechanic.  
Pet Peeve: Stay after school.  
Claim to Fame: Intelligence.  
Act.: Skiing.



## FRANK NICHOLS

*"Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."*

Fav. Exp.: What's the matter with you, girl?  
Amb.: Football player for Los Angeles Rams.  
Prob. Dest.: Training to be water boy.  
Pastime: Winning dance contests, Listening to good rhythm and blues  
Pet Peeve: People who don't use their "Colgate 100" in the morning.



## SHARON LYNN RENAUD

*"Sweet dreams, think of the angels, remember me."*

Fav. Exp.: Flipping.  
Amb.: Dancer.  
Prob. Dest.: A fat housewife.  
Pastime: Yaking on the phone.  
Pet Peeve: Girls that brag.  
Claim to Fame: Gabbing.  
Act.: Dancing, Shuttle Cock, Necking, Rounders.



## "HAL" SMITH

*"City Morgue: you kill them; we chill them."*

Fav. Exp.: Drop Dead!  
Amb.: To be a Grave Robber.  
Prob. Dest.: Satan's right hand man.  
Pastime: Tripping over dead bodies.  
Pet Peeve: My hearse (people are dying to get into it).  
Claim to Fame: The world's fastest digger.  
Act.: Necking, Basketball, Sleeping.



## GAIL DISHER

*"Oh! What a world this would be if only we had our own way."*

Fav. Exp.: Take five.  
Amb.: Nursing.  
Prob. Dest.: Patient in the hospital  
Pastime: Talking on the phone.  
Pet Peeve: Geography.  
Claim to Fame: Washing dishes.  
Act.: Choir.



## SHIRLEY MAXWELL

*"Homework is mind over matter! If you don't mind, it doesn't."*

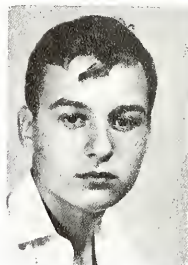
Fav. Exp.: I'll drink to that.  
Amb.: Criminal Lawyer.  
Prob. Dest.: Raising gangsters.  
Pastime: Following the Frenchmen nextdoor.  
Pet Peeve: Blood-shot eyes.  
Claim to Fame: Loosing weight behind my left ear lobe.  
Act.: Class President, Dancing Boys, Basketball, Volleyball.



## NICHOLAS PALIS

*"You never know what lonesome is till you get to herdin' cows."*

Fav. Exp.: To be or not to be, that is the question.  
Amb.: Electrician.  
Prob. Dest.: Repairing TV and radio.  
We fix them dead or alive.  
Pastime: Doing what I should not be doing at all.  
Pet Peeve: Homework.  
Claim to Fame: Staying after school and cleaning desks.



## DONNA (Naomi) ROSENBERG

*"Don't make love in the garden; love is blind but the neighbours aren't."*

Fav. Exp.: Love me, Love my dog!!!  
Amb.: Secretary.  
Prob. Dest.: Mother with 12 children (all boys!)  
Pastime: Jeff, Bob, Boys, writing letters, reading, swimming, horse-back riding.  
Act.: F. T. C., Y.M.H.A., Playing records, sleeping, sitting on Santa's lap!., dates, listening to

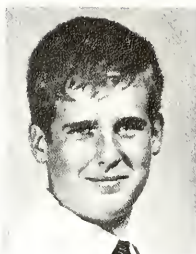


## PHYLLIS SMITH

*"Ya! OKAY tell me some more."*

Fav. Exp.: Wouldn't you like to know?  
Amb.: Secretary.  
Prob. Dest.: Washing diapers.  
Pastime: Peeling potatoes.  
Pet Peeve: People who think they are greater than others.  
Claim to Fame: Late or absent from school.  
Act.: Dancing, Basketball, Dodgeball, Bowling, Skating.





ROBERT VOLKMAR

*"Liberty is always dangerous, but it's the safest thing we have."*  
 Fav. Exp.: Don't look at me. I am innocent.  
 Amb.: To win a sweepstake and go south.  
 Prob. Dest.: Be a scuba diver.  
 Pastime: Hi-Fi, Photography, and good old T.V.  
 Claim to Fame: No women, no problems, no sweat.  
 Act.: Hunting, Fishings, Swimming, and Snow Shoeing.

ELIZABETH VOLZ

*"Love and life are syphonies if you touch the right chords."*  
 Fav. Exp.: What is my favorite expression?  
 Amb.: To be a vet.  
 Prob. Dest.: Taking the dogs for a walk.  
 Pastime: Sleeping.  
 Pet Peeve: People.  
 Claim to Fame: Long hair.  
 Act.: Art, Hockey, Dancing.



SHEILA WHITLOCK

*"Good night and God bless!"*  
 Fav. Exp.: Take care.  
 Amb.: To become a secretary.  
 Prob. Dest.: Marriage and tots.  
 Pastime: Reading, writing plays.  
 Pet. Peeve: Boys who bully girls.  
 Claim to Fame: Sexy big brown eyes.  
 Act.: Going to films, and good ballets.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS

*"Leave it alone and let it grow, grow, grow."*  
 Fav. Exp.: He pushed me, he pushed me.  
 Amb.: Ralf Rotten II.  
 Prob. Dest.: No wives, no women, no girls, just bunnies.  
 Pastime: Thinking of a way to get out of school.  
 Pet Peeve: The 53 names I'm called  
 Claim to Fame: Looking in a mirror for 5 minutes without breaking it.



**GRADUATION DANCE**  
 Some of the happy revellers at Pamela Rourke's buffet party before the Grad Dance on May 17th: Barbara Vlahac and Gary Plastino; Bob Allan, Marg Grinstead; Gary Brown, Wendy Johnson, Gary Enkel; Gary Newton, Carolyn Allen; Pam Rourke, Stephen Rae; Kathy Shaw, Howard Cossever. The dance, organized by Paul Nichols, was held at Sonesta Hotel and featured the "In Crowd" band.



# 105

## SUBHASH CHOPRA

*"I'm always trying to get something out of high school — myself."*

Fav. Exp.: Yes Sir!  
Amb.: To be a printer (editor).  
Prob. Dest.: Taking your fingerprints.  
Pastime: Singing in the school choir.  
Pet Peeve: When immature people bother him.  
Claim to Fame: His beautiful baritone bass voice.  
Act.: Students Council rep., School Choir, Class Sports.



## AUGUST GLASS

*"Homework is the root of all evil."*

Fav. Exp.: I left it at home.  
Amb.: Office clerk.  
Prob. Dest.: Sharpening pencils.  
Pastime: Making doughnut bets with Mr. Isenberg.  
Pet Peeve: When he loses doughnut bets.  
Claim to Fame: His sense of humour.  
Act.: Class Sports, Gym, Hockey, Football.



## DIANE LAWRENCE

*"A wedding bond is like a tourniquet—once its on it stops your circulation."*

Fav. Exp.: Get lost.  
Amb.: To be a hairdresser.  
Prob. Dest.: Counting curlers.  
Pastime: Boys.  
Pet Peeve: Teachers.  
Claim to Fame: Her red felt pen.  
Act.: Basketball, Class Activities, Coffee Maker.



## GARY SIMPSON

*"If at first you don't succeed—quit."*

Fav. Exp.: I didn't do anything!  
Amb.: Office clerk.  
Prob. Dest.: Raising turtles.  
Pastime: Talking with Fred.  
Pet Peeve: Being told to hurry up!  
Claim to Fame: His tremendous speed.  
Act.: Class Sports, Gym, Basketball.



## FRED ARSHOFF

*"You can't choose your parents but you can choose your friends."*

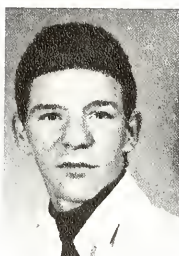
Fav. Exp.: Life is worth living.  
Amb.: Real Estate Agent.  
Prob. Dest.: Buying the Brooklyn Bridge.  
Pastime: Collecting Stamps.  
Pet Peeve: When Montreal Canadian's hockey team loses.  
Claim to Fame: Hockey Season Ticket to the Montreal Canadians.  
Act.: Class President, Gym, Class Sports, Hockey.



## ALAN DUKE

*"Great men are always dying; Somehow I don't feel so well myself."*

Fav. Exp.: Sir, Victor's bothering me.  
Amb.: Being a sailor.  
Prob. Dest.: Sailing boats in a bathtub.  
Pastime: Playing bass drum for the Navy.  
Pet Peeve: Worrying about how much homework he gets.  
Claim to Fame: His navy "experiences".  
Act.: Class Sports, Gym, Dances.



## VICTOR HEWITT

*"To get ahead you need one."*

Fav. Exp.: I'll smack you in the head.  
Amb.: Technician.  
Prob. Dest.: Fixing his own clock.  
Pastime: Bothering Duke.  
Pet Peeve: When Duke bothers him.  
Claim to Fame: His toughness (like a wet sponge).  
Act.: Fighting, Fighting, Fighting.



## EMILY PODOLSKY

*"When you are good to others, you are best to yourself."*

Fav. Exp.: I'm not jealous.  
Amb.: Nurse.  
Prob. Dest.: Changing wet diapers.  
Pastime: Listening to records.  
Pet Peeve: Cyril bothering me.  
Claim to Fame: Her generosity.  
Act.: Red Cross, Class Activities, Volunteer worker, Royal Victoria Hospital.



## LAURIE TRAIT

*"Love makes the world go round — gee I'm dizzy."*

Fav. Exp.: I'm not speaking to you any more.  
Amb.: To be a typist.  
Prob. Dest.: Typing up her wedding invitation.  
Pastime: Gossiping and making parties.  
Pet Peeve: When boys don't call her.  
Claim to Fame: Her quiet voice.  
Act.: Class Sports, School Dances, Charm School.





## CLASS PICTURES



ROOM  
305

ROOM  
306



ROOM  
302

ROOM  
100





**ROOM  
208**



**ROOM  
301**



**ROOM  
304**



**ROOM  
303**



**ROOM  
210**



**ROOM  
103**



**ROOM  
309**



**ROOM  
310**





**ROOM  
204**



**ROOM  
205**



**ROOM  
202**



**ROOM  
203**



ROOM  
207



ROOM  
311



ROOM  
201



ROOM  
306





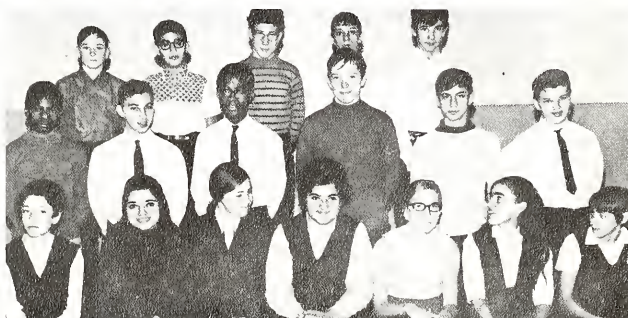
**ROOM  
211**



**ROOM  
206**



**ROOM  
107 & 105**



**ROOM  
312**

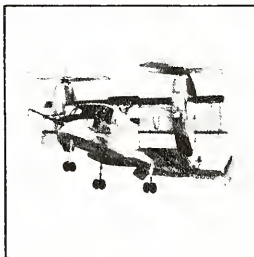


# Exciting things are happening at Canadair

Flying boats that can carry hundreds of gallons of water, drop it on a forest fire, then scoop up more water as they skim across a lake.

Airplanes that take off straight upwards, then tilt their wings and fly away at 350 miles an hour, or hover to rescue a man from land or water.

Reconnaissance drones that take aerial photographs of what's happening 25 miles away and



then bring the pictures safely back home.

Personnel carriers that swim, crawl through

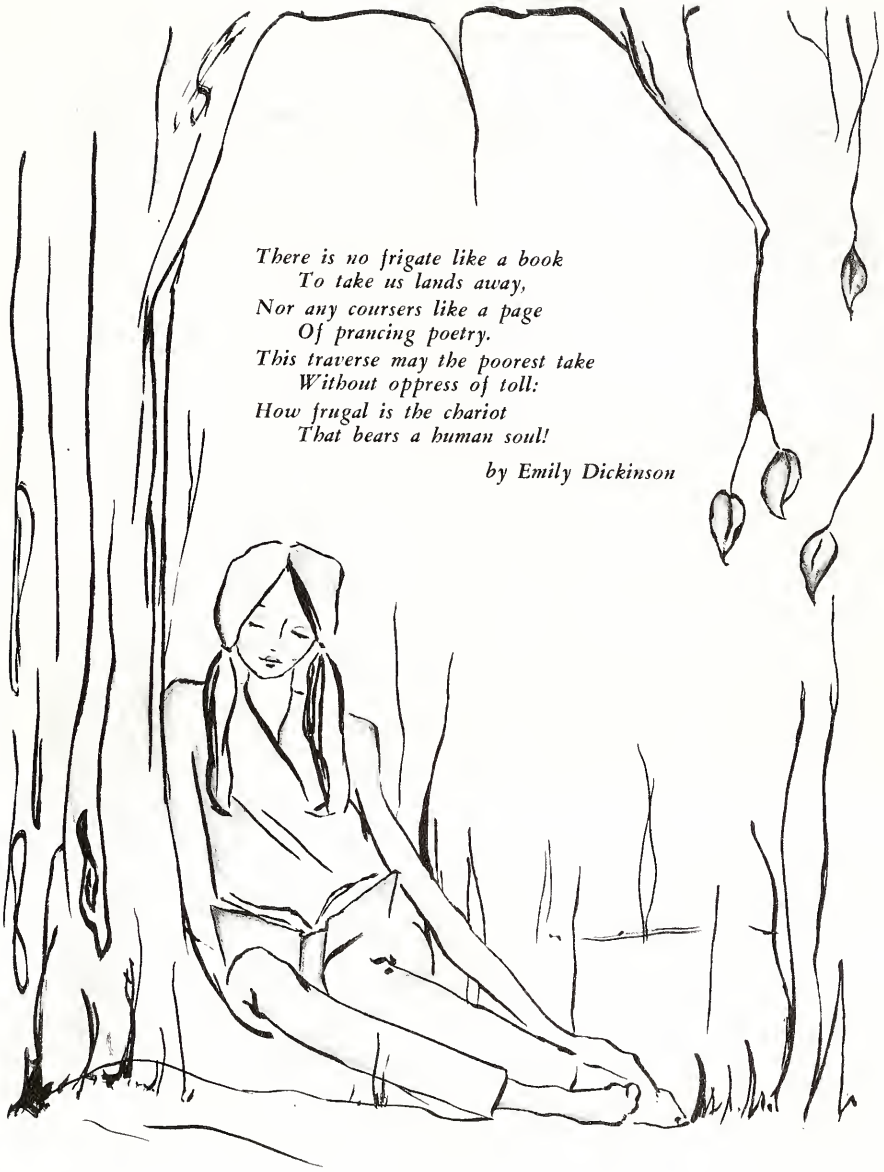
jungle, or race across snow and ice.

And that's just the beginning of the list.

Canadair is where Canadian designers and engineers prove themselves the equal of anyone. Where ideas find the courage and the capital needed to develop them. Where we turn out products for a world wide market.

You'd enjoy working at Canadair—where the excitement is.

**CANADAIR**  
LIMITED MONTREAL



*There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll:  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!*

*by Emily Dickinson*

## SENIOR ESSAY FIRST PRIZE GLITTER

Bright, sunny day. Perfect for a walk. Too bright. I better don my rose-colored glasses. They're wild. When I gaze around me they change everything. Even dull things take on a glitter. Like pink diamonds.

I walk on. (Really I'm floating, because everything looks so good around me. You know, it glitters). Buildings, really huge. A marvel. When the sun bounces off the windows. Glittering.

Yes, my world is pink. A glittering pink. Everything is so nice. I walk and see couples holding hands, watches on their wrists glittering. Couples in love, the genius of man, the beauty of nature.

But then my parents speak of school. I must go, they say. I'm a big boy, six years old. But Mom, their world isn't my world. I'll have to study and learn and read and write. She speaks of the good of education and how I must grow up. Through my glasses I look and even school looks okay.

Then elementary school is finished. And to high school next. And my marks are just like everybody else's. And my mind works like everybody else's. But some of my ideas are just a little different. (Which Miss Dubrofsky, my teacher, said was wrong.) I still had my rose-colored glasses and the world was still glittering. I was still young.

Then with high school came even more responsibilities. Mama began to wonder about me. Said I wasn't serious enough. It was true, I guess. Must be my love. She was soft. Warm. Sometimes I'd take her into my world and explain how pretty everything was. And her eyes would glitter as I showed her my world. Through rose-colored glasses.

Then my love moved away. My world was empty without her. And I sought refuge in the great books. Books of love. Books of wisdom. Read through rose-colored glasses.

Nature, genius of man, schools, books, love. A good life. Then my rose-colored glasses began to lose just a pinch of glitter. At first I was quite worried. I asked my mother. She said not to worry, it was just the coming of my maturity.

With this maturity came a new experience. I would sometimes take off my glasses and look at the world around me. I would think deeply. I began to see evil in the world. There were visions of men killing their fellow men. Shouts for help from persecuted people. Greed. Hatred. Selfishness. Egomaniacs. Perverts. Killers. The inhabitants of the human race. My world?

Quickly I search for my rose-colored glasses. The world is black! Sombre, no glitter. Where is the glitter? Beads of perspiration cover my face. Then I see an old man and a bird. Where are my glasses? The cruel decrepit man throws a huge stone at the bird. The stone hits the bird. It kills him. The stone keeps going. Where are my glasses! Then I see them before me on the window ledge. As I reach for them the stone shatters them. And my world is shattered.

I am a man. There is no glitter.

Michael Weiss

## SENIOR ESSAY SECOND PRIZE STAIRWAY TO TOMORROW

"We cannot forget that we are the heirs of that great revolution. Let the word go forth to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans — born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage — and unwilling to witness..."

Those were the words spoken by an American who had just reached the top of the "Stairway to Tomorrow". He stood there now after many years of hardship and labour which he endured to reach it. The criticisms of age, the bigotry and prejudices against his religion and his beliefs were all behind him. He stood there with a glittering torch in his hand; willing to show not only his country, but the whole world, the way to the future. He held it high and proudly for it represented his good nature, his boundless energy, his intelligence, his ability to lead, his ability to reason. All this and much more he had to offer, and all we had to do was take it and benefit from it. Yet, in a sort of vengeance and jealousy and ignorance we rejected it; instead we pushed him off the 'Stairway'. This man who did so much for us and could have accomplished so much more, could not help us now.

His life was snuffed out before those who had hated him had a chance to tell him how much they had come to love him. It was, on that November day in 1963, as if a light on the earth had been extinguished. We could do nothing now but preach of his virtues and mourn his loss, while we searched for another like him.

I feel, that it is with great forgiveness, that it is with great faith, that we were given the chance to have another leader just like him; indeed his own brother. When before in history had we seen such great talent emerge from a family in the form of one person, let alone in two. Here again was a leader of men but again we struck him down too, and with him went the hopes of an entire generation of young people. Why did we do



it? Was it because of his wealth? Was it because of his nature? Was it because he believed, as did his brother, that the good in man is stronger than the evil? Was it because he believed in reason . . . and not violence?

Many now stand on the "Stairway to Tomorrow", but none stand at the top; and I feel none shall do so — at least not in our lifetime. It is not necessary to identify the men about whom I have spoken . . . we all should know them. If "all men are brothers", then I feel a deep and soul-scaring shame, for my brothers were killed by my brothers.

Stephen Rae

## SENIOR ESSAY HONOURABLE MENTION JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

The day was still young when I started my journey into the unknown wilderness of the Canadian Rockies. The warm sun had risen over the mountainous horizon, sending its beams over the rough terrain.

The autumn leaves crackled under my footsteps as I set out. I felt as if I had discovered a new world, brimming with new sights and discoveries. There seemed to be no end to the various hues Mother Nature had used to change the tall trees from different shades of green to a rainbow of colours. Bright lemon yellows mingled with warm oranges. From time to time I could spot a tree that was not yet wearing its autumn garb.

The narrow path that I was following led into a small clearing, which was filled with an array of late flowers. Birds chirped overhead as I stopped for a while to pick a bouquet of wild blossoms. An angry squirrel chattered at me when I accidentally came too near to his home. I knew that I could not linger here for a very long time, so I resumed my journey.

I soon found myself walking along the sandy beach of a small lake. The water was so green that I began to wonder if somebody had dropped a large emerald into the reservoir. The view was unbelievable. The body of water was hemmed in by a bowl formed by the mountains. I looked up and saw the V formation of Canada geese flying south, against the powder blue sky that was dotted with soft clouds.

It was getting late, and I knew that my journey into the unknown would soon end. How swiftly the time had flown! The sun was beginning to move westward and was shedding its last rays of light for the day. The sky had turned from a light blue to a fiery orange, streaked with purple. As I came closer to the edge of the forest, I wondered when I would make another journey into the unknown beauty of Canada.

Katrin Partelpoeg

1st prize: "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME",



won by RICKY STURKENBOOM

## SENIOR SHORT STORY FIRST PRIZE THE DANCE

I sipped my beer slowly, the club was packed, action was wild. I gazed blankly at the dancer on the small stage in the center of the circular bar, then looked for Al.

The dim light distorted my vision and the music stopped, the dance floor began to empty until it was nude, I lit a smoke for confidence. I was bored, everyone else in the club was flying, flying wilder than they ever had before, and I was bored. The action kept thundering a constant vibration into my soul, it would build to a peak and then I would explode and my boredom would vanish, my entire insight would transform into an uncanny desire to move, vibrate, and love. I saw Al. He was dancing.

I drank two beers quickly and had two smokes, I had to keep my insides inside, I couldn't let myself go or I'd land on that continuous merry-go-round of insanity; the insanity of the wild. When would the eruption of the music end? I wouldn't be able to keep control much longer and then I would never have control again; I wanted to lose it so much.

I was relieved when the music changed from its luring ferocity to serene waltzes, and I began to search the now-relaxing setting for someone, I didn't know who, just someone. The baffling effect the contrasting mood took on me was awesome; I still searched.

She sat at a long table alone in the corner with no-one, sipped her drink, and smiled at nothing. Her

back was to me but I could see her face in the mirror and it was beautiful, quiet, alluring. I began to move towards her, hesitated, then fully approached. Before I could ask her she told me with her eyes that she would love to dance. I followed the incandescent odor of her perfume as she led me to the floor.

She fell smoothly into my arms and instantly became part of me. She moved rhythmically exact to my movements, and there was no-one else near. She held me close, but not so close as to display any cheapness or intentions, just close enough to tell me that she was a goddess, with a grace and poise I have never known. The waltz ended, another started, and we went on and on. With each second I wanted to hold her closer, though I knew I wouldn't, I wanted to suddenly thrust back her head and tell her I loved her and kiss her because I did, but I knew I wouldn't.

The loud vibrations returned as suddenly as they had left but they did not baffle me now. We moved apart and danced on, in a never-ending circle like — a merry-go-round. Her long auburn hair swayed slowly with her motions, her eyes were closed and her gentle lips were kissing me though she was three feet away. She was dressed casually in jeans, and a long-length vest — everyone else was dressed up more; she looked more beautiful and natural than any other woman, god-like or not. I loved her.

The vibrations went on for an eternity, and so did we; then they stopped and the waltzes came back. We became one again, and I asked her her name and she told me then we kissed, one small, meaningless kiss, and stopped. She went back to her table and I knew she loved me as I loved her — but it was over.

The club was dead, the vibrations wrong, and the people vague. I found Al and we left. The merry-go-round was gone and so were we, but we would be back. Everyone goes back.

Glenn Kennedy

## SENIOR SHORT STORY SECOND PRIZE THE YEAR 2004

The year 2004. Plastic edifices groping for the sky. Occupied by the elite, the omnipotent computers. The pleasures of primitive man such as omphagia or good solid food abolished. A world of pills and needles for food and diseases. An example to be followed by all; ordained by the existing government, the religion. The philosophies of the computers.

The year 2004. The human race enslaved. By grotesque monsters of their own creations. Electronic brains. Cold and emotionless. Pollute the minds of the human race.

The year 2004. Suffering from the pollution of the world. Water pollution. Pollution of the air. A thick blanket of smog lingers. People forced to hide their faces behind an air filtration mask. The animal life of the world almost extinct. An electronic mask upon which your life depends. To remove the mask is to die. Only fourteen seconds.

The year 2004. Gone are the days of cigarettes, liquor, and marijuana. Gone is the world of make-believe. The only escape left is sex. But a cold sex in a cold world.

The year 2004. Policeman named Xirau walks his beat assigned by the computers. A shapely girl approaches. Electronic nameplate flashing Venusisia Vlyfe over and over. Nice ring to that name thinks Xirau. The girl inspects his muscular frame composed of geometric planes and angles. Then his nameplate Xirau Xirau. Xirau is hardly aware of those thin weightless fingers, touching his outline.

"Shall we?" inquires Venusisia.

"Guess so," replies Xirau. "Hold on for a moment."

Xirau who has spied a thief sighs, shakes his head, walks over and kills him. Blood oozes from under the mask of the thief. Xirau has shot him through the eyeslit of his mask. Messy but effective. Xirau slowly walks back.

"Shall we?" inquires Xirau.

"Guess so," replies Venusisia.

An elderly couple walk down the street. They pass and smile.

A funny sort of feeling goes through Xirau, an uneasy feeling. It was not cold but excruciatingly warm.

"I am smiling."

"So am I," is her reply. "It was different."

"Yes it was rather nice; you are a very nice person."

They hold hands. An elderly couple walk by shaking their heads.

"Silly children," say the decrepit ones.

"Remember that primitive fairy tale we were taught when young? Romeo and Juliet. The funny feeling they had. I think I've got it," stated Xirau.

"Me too."

"Oh Venusisia, to touch your face. The splendid perfection of your face. How smooth and beautiful it must be. It must be a face of innocence, of courage." Huge eyes of chestnut visible through the eyeslits. "Oh to see that wonderful face!" weeps Xirau.

By now tears stream from under the mask of Venusisia. "We mustn't, darling."

Then it happens. A graceful bird circles above them. This is scarce. It is a good omen.

Simultaneously they remove their accursed masks. Hands held tightly. Three seconds elapse. Two humans. Burying themselves in each others eyes. Smiling. Nine seconds elapse. They kiss. Joy. Then death comes. In the year 2004.

Michael Weiss

SENIOR POETRY  
FIRST PRIZE  
**HYMN**

They came, in nameless boots,  
talked and ate and leaned  
against the heavy oak  
smoked cigarettes and cried,  
littering the fields with their  
vague words mumbled in fear  
against the autumn winds,  
and mutilated ration cans;  
transient, called up inevitably  
to the unknown front,  
marching, ever marching.

They would speak, incessantly,  
daring not to stop,  
with faces steel-grey  
as the barrels of their guns,  
of women, of books, of three day drunks.  
They saw ambulances rush  
past in a mud-splattered sterility,  
nodded to the casualties in a conscious  
daze,  
by ancient campfires futilely  
avoiding what they heard  
in the flashing distance,  
marching, ever marching.

The trees and stones knew,  
the houses knew, bomb-shattered  
in the November wind  
remaining silent.

Upon the ground, wet and chilled,  
the leaves lay deserted  
by the barren trees reaching out  
as if asking for more  
from the mottled sky.  
And when they returned,  
but a few, urinating behind  
solemn bushes like dogs,  
softly in clusters, swearing  
never to forget, not daring to remember,  
moving home  
crying mothers, tearful wives, open arms,  
in the back of the ancient oak  
a bayonet carved dead initials,  
then continued marching,  
ever marching.

Howard Albert

SENIOR POETRY  
SECOND PRIZE  
**THE WEB**

A majestic web, this society.  
Woven from man's greed, his lust.  
Strengthened by his hate and ignorance  
Nobody can escape the web.

Spun from the horizons it stretches.  
The center a mass of the wealthiest thread  
The edges a mass of the poorest sinews  
But nobody can escape the web.

Men will try and fail, the web still decays  
The structure isn't equal.  
Preachers of repair, oppressed by the warlords  
The poor will gain the rich will down  
The web will break and all will fall.

Youth revolt, but still within the web.  
Nothing is gained but all is lost.  
Strained by the love within a few  
The web will break, and paradise found.

C. Alsbury

SENIOR POETRY  
HONOURABLE MENTION

In the distance a foghorn sounds  
Inside huddle two souls  
Quivering from the presence  
of each other.  
They turn and their eyes meet,  
Their hearts beat rhythmically  
To the waves hitting the shore  
Their ears hear only the love  
that binds them.  
Peace.

Louise Schrier

JUNIOR PROSE  
PROSE SECTION  
FIRST PRIZE  
**IN MEMORIAM**

John F. Kennedy — a name we'll all remember. He dedicated his life to mankind. He inspired all men to believe that the good of the nation comes first. He respected the individual's right, and, in turn, everyone respected and admired him. He taught us that nations must understand each other's government, history, and differences.



## SENIOR SHORT STORY HONOURABLE MENTION BEYOND THE FIRE

In the dark time, the boy who had no name rose up and walked from the dancing fire. Almost to the cloud of black, he stopped. The chattering of his teeth awoke the Elder, who cried out. The Boy returned to the fire. He stared at the hot light for a while then he asked what lay in the darkness.

The Elder frowned. "Unhappiness," he said. "Pain. Death."

"Be more specific," the Boy demanded. "Those are only words and I cannot fear words. If you do not tell me, I shall go and find out for myself, for I am curious."

"Very well," the Elder said at length. "But I warn you: you will have bad dreams. You will wake up shuddering. Sometimes you will scream with fear when you are alone. Are you quite certain that you want to know?"

The Boy nodded slowly.

"Then listen. Beyond the fire, in the forests of the night, there are monsters. Giant, unholy creatures so horrible that I cannot describe them."

"Describe them!"

"Shining-tusked they are, rainbow-coloured, with four great eyes and fins along their backs..."

The Boy giggled.

"No, no, I tell you, it's the truth! They breathe fire and roar and roam the land on round black feet, and they eat people alive. I once saw five strong men trapped, swallowed by a friend of blue and black."

The Boy shook his head in amazement. "What are these monsters called, Father?" he asked.

"They have many names but they are all of the same species. The black-hooded Lincoln is their King and he is all powerful. The others resemble him and imitate his ways. The sure-footed Shelby could be mistaken for a Camaro, but he is more dreaded. The armor-topped Oldsmobile could be as popular as the Ford, though he is not as agile or as fast. Still they are all very fast indeed. Heavier than the elephant, they are swifter than the hawk. However, they must have tiny brains, for they have not learned how to stop. I saw the Eldorado fling itself into a tree, heard its dying thunder and watched as it bled flames."

Now the Boy had become enchanted in the story. "Where," he asked, "did these monsters come from?"

"They came from a place called America. In the beginning, I am told, they were tame. Men rode in them and went far distances. But the monsters mated rapidly and soon there were more of them than there were people. Thousands! Millions! And one day, so says the

legend, the monsters went wild. They revolted against their masters and took over, began killing..."

"How?"

"In many ways. The monsters — I may not have told you this — possess magic. They can look at you and turn your mind to pebbles. Then as you stand helpless, they eat you. Or trample you, or crush you. Or burn you. And that is what they did."

"And did no one fight them?"

"It is difficult to say. A few did, perhaps. And that pitiful few had more enthusiasm than skill. They did not understand the nature of the beast. They thought that the monsters could be conquered by laughter. But when you are threatened by a real danger, you do not laugh at it. The warriors failed."

"What happened to them?"

"They rode in smaller beasts, playful, happy creatures, and raced them in races. But they were not many. When the monsters revolted they were smashed."

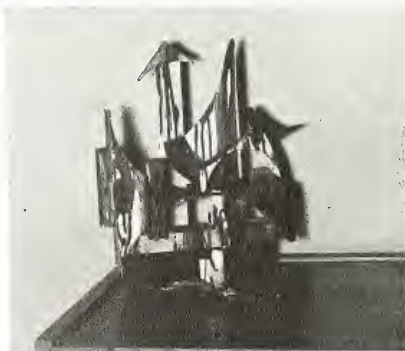
The Boy was about to question when he heard a great roaring and thrashing in the brush.

"A monster! cried the Elder. "Run for your life."

But the warning came too late. A black Corvette appeared out of the night, enchanted the Elder and the Boy, and ate them in one gulp.

Richard Darwish

### 2nd prize: "THE DANCE",



won by BONNIE SCHARF

Let every nation know that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty.

He carried through all the promises that he delivered.

At the prime of his life, he was cut down by an assassin's bullet, but his memory and deeds still live on.

His brother, Robert Kennedy, continued his work. Since John didn't live long enough to finish his work, Robert was determined to finish it for him. A truly great person, he taught us that we must face tragedies, and go on in spite of them. The fact that John was killed when he was President didn't discourage Robert. He ran for the presidency.

Then, for a tragic moment, the earth stopped turning — the people stopped breathing. Robert was also killed by an assassin's bullet — cut down at the height of his career and life.

Both brothers did all they could to make peace prevail over all. They tried to help the world, and this is how the world repaid them! The world lost two of the greatest men it will ever know. Even though both are dead, they will always live on in the hearts and minds of those who loved, knew, admired and respected them.

Now there is one lone Kennedy left — Edward — walking on bravely. But what will happen to him? Will he too be assassinated? We all hope and pray not. We will stand by him in any time of crisis. We all hope that Edward Kennedy will live on . . . and on . . . and on.

Marlene Aisenthal

JUNIOR PROSE  
SECOND PRIZE

**"THE QUALITY OF A DEMOCRACY  
IS REFLECTED IN THE TREATMENT  
OF ITS MINORITIES"**

The sun shines brightly. You walk down a street where many youngsters are playing. What do you see? You see a little negro girl trying desperately to play with the rest of the children. What do you hear? You hear her young playmates shouting at her, calling her names and abusing her. She runs home, crying. She is told that she will be treated in this manner all her life, for these ignorant people feel they are superior because they have white skin. Is it her fault that she has been born with a

darker skin? Is this what we call a democratic country? Are the people in this country ever free? People like her are never free.

We are supposed to have freedom of religion. Yet the Jews are always being persecuted. A Jewish boy goes out to play with his so-called "friends." They play for a while. A girl asks him, "Are you Jewish?" The boy replies, "Yes."

She says in a mocking tone, "You don't look Jewish." He is quiet. Angrily, he thinks, "What are Jews supposed to look like? Martians?"

An Indian lady goes job-hunting. She has a good education and the proper qualifications for a teaching job. She fills out the forms. The Personnel Director takes a look at the form and says, "I'm sorry we can't take you; the position has been filled." When the Indian lady is about to make her departure she is interrupted by the Personnel Director, "It's not that the position has been filled, I was trying to be polite, it's because you're not Catholic or Protestant." Is this politeness? Telling someone they cannot be accepted for a position because they are not Catholic or Protestant?

I condemn this democracy for not allowing people to have equal rights in finding a job.

People are persecuted every day of their lives because of their race, colour, creed or religion.

Yet, we call ours a free land. Is it really ever free? Are we free? "Not really" will probably be the answer! We have so-called "rights". But do we really? Just because we take advantage of these rights, we are persecuted.

Since early times man has been fighting for his freedom and rights. By the law of government we have these rights, by the law of our fellow man we do not, and probably never will.

Tina Chopra

JUNIOR POETRY  
FIRST PRIZE  
**THE EAGLE**

Soaring, above all life, the majestic eagle spies  
Gliding for miles and miles on powerful wings  
Seeming without movement, yet more alert than be any human

Still, like death on velvet wings, its eyes as bright as fire  
Rides the eagle on skies of blue and drives like death on its prey.

Kim Habib

**JUNIOR POETRY  
SECOND PRIZE  
CREATION**

It floated, throbbing compulsively.  
Then, changed  
Into a swimming, moving reptile.  
It squirmed,  
Then crawled onto land,  
Lumbering about  
As a gigantic lizard.  
Then it fell,  
And changed again,  
Painfully.  
It arose, as a hairy monster.  
Killing, eating,  
Suddenly becoming a tiny creature,  
Scampering wildly.  
It grew,  
And formed a hairy ape,  
Grunting.  
Then a being,  
Man!

David Rosen

**Hon. Mention: CERAMIC MASK:**



Joseph Mariano

**JUNIOR POETRY  
HONOURABLE MENTION  
THE DREAM**

**Hon. Mention: WOODEN MASK:**



Victor Hewitt

I stood at the door of the church  
As the bells chimed above my head,  
And I watched the people file out.  
And I looked and saw into them.

They were lonely, very lonely  
All alone inside their shells.  
They came to church together,  
And praised God, and said they were one.  
But they really weren't.  
They were frightened and all alone.

People say that they join together.  
That they know themselves and others well.  
But they don't, they're only full of fear.  
And fear makes them draw into their shell.

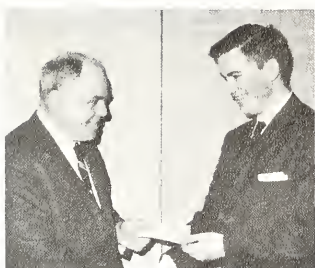
People pretend. They have to.  
They just can't live if they don't  
The world is really empty, just like people.  
But there are some people who see the real world.  
These people, we call insane.  
Now, you tell me,  
Who's to call the insane crazy?

Barbara Samuels





*"Coexistence  
or no existence"  
Piet Hein*



MR. LeROY RECEIVES \$1600.00 CHEQUE FOR THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND FROM CHAIRMAN STEPHEN RAY.



## SCHOLARSHIP FUND DRIVE

Leonard Bloom, Paul Nichols, Stephen Rae (chairman), Alice Rouah, Brian Houston (vice chairman).



THE FIVE WINNING SALESMEN RECEIVE THEIR PRIZES.

## THE GLEE CLUB

In spite of one or two setbacks we did have quite a successful year. The club performed on Graduation Night, toured the feeder schools and gave a performance in our own school at Christmas. We even had a show "Spring Fever", very successful, too! On the distaff side, we tried for something bigger and more wonderful, but to no avail, we needed boys and they didn't come through. Ah, well, better luck with them next year.



## ST. LAURENT GLEE CLUB

Front Row: Anne Gal, Barbara Dawson, Sheila Dempster, Debbie Sleno, Diane Revelins, Wendy Johnson.

Middle Row: Marlene Kennedy, Jane Dingle, Mr. Scott Savage, Patti Keith, Barbara Core.

Back Row: George Lagendyk, Subhash Chopra, Chris Johnson, Heather Berry, Tina Lessor, Vicki Baker, Cheryl Lutterman and Elaine Levy.



## WEIGHT-TRAINING CLUB

Second Row: John Dilullu, Haig Oghigian, Michel Abdul Nour, Gerry Hountoumadis, Henry Apai, Berge Baronian, Ted, Mr. Clark (manager).

First Row: Joel Nathanson, Stephen Rae (vice-pres.), Gary Plastino (pres.), Robert Heckler.

## GRAD DANCE COMMITTEE

Marla Segal, Mike Weiss, Paula Markovitch, Paul Nichols - Chairman, Pam Rourke, Steve Diab (missing).



## PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Second Row: Brenda Tierney, Sheldon Korentayer, Neil Carpenter, Stephanie Hajdu.

First Row: Joanne Whitely, Dawn Gilpin (chairman), Alice Rouah, Carolyn Allan.





## LIBRARIANS

Last Row: Delvena Charnok, Haig Oghigian, Gwynneth Marshall, Joyce Hart, Sheldon Reisler, Kent Johnston.

Second Row: Mrs. Weingarten, Colleen Parr, Valerie Slover, Susi Saab, Barbara Chinn, Joan Vaccaro, Malle Hoovel, Esther Mariano.

First Row: Heather Wills, Katrin Partelpoeg, Ellen Krause Elizabeth Campbell, Barbara Core.

## ST. LAURENT HIGH SCHOOL BIOLOGY CLUB 1968-69

President: Joseph David Mariano.  
Vice-President: Patricia Winfield.  
Secretary: Beverly Lister.  
Treasurer: Sheldon Reisler.



## PREFECT BOARD

Douglas Dempster,  
Head Prefect.  
Heather Wills,  
Sub-Head Prefect.  
Mr. Lough,  
Advisor.





## RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS

Second Row: Judy Rosen, Harriet Cohen, Debbie Jakin, Sandy Eggleton, Carol Carpman.

First Row: Rachelle Aranoff, Suzie Schwartz (captain), Norma Shears, Brenda Schichter.

**RED**



**CROSS**

This year we tried to raise money to buy a weight scale for the Montreal Children's Hospital. This money was raised by selling chocolate bars at lunchtime. We also had "Volunteers" who helped in blood donor clinics every Friday. All this could not have been done without the help of Miss Hutley, and my executive.

Bernie Chmielash (Pres.)

## VISTA STAFF

(ACTIVE MEMBERS)



Second Row: Miss Davison (advisor), Bennie Mahlab, Haig Oghigian, Barbara Kuehl, Joel Nathanson, Peter Moffatt, Henry Apai, Gwynneth Marshall, Robert Heckler, Leonard Bloom, Gloria Steinbuck.

First Row: Anne Diamond, Sabina Wolfe, Louise Shrier, Diane Stahr (editor), Reina Honigman, Rona Galganov, Judy Molnar, Victoria Baker.

Missing: Howard Albert, Sheldon Korentayer, Susan Biefer.





## FILM CLUB EXECUTIVE

Second Row: Mr. Berry (advisor), Richard Darwish (pres.), Douglas Dempster, Mr. Minsky (advisor).

First Row: Sheila Chaplin, Joseph Mariano (vice-pres.), Naomi Kogan.

## FILM CLUB

This was the first year of the St. Laurent High Film Club. The purpose of this club was to appreciate and look into the movies shown, rather than to laugh or cry. The movies shown were: The Grapes of Wrath, La Bataille des Rails, Nobody Waved Good-bye, and 400 Blows.

I would like to thank Mr. Berry and Mr. Minsky for organizing the club, Douglas Dempster, Naomi Kogan, Sheila Chaplin, and Joe Mariano of the executive committee, and the people who went to see the movies for putting this new club on it's feet.

Richard Darwish, President



The Milestone salutes our loyal vendors of milk and doughnuts !



## SKI CLUB

As it has been in the past, this year's Ski Club was an overwhelming success. Early snow resulted in a November ski trip to Mt. Sutton. Subsequent trips went to Mt. Orford, and three to Mt. Habitant. For the first time in St. Laurent High history, nite-ski trips were held. This form of ski trip appealed to the "chalet skier" as well as the ski-nut, which added fun to the trips, especially the last. I would like to thank Mr. Scott-Savage and Barbara Kuehl who also helped the Ski Club survive a hectic year.

Richard Darwish, President





## SINGING GROUP

Second Row: Sandy Eggleton, Glen Kennedy, Barbara Kuehl, Howard Leung.

First Row: Brenda Schicter, Debbie Jakin, Sandy Baylin.

## SINGING GROUP

The singing group formed this year proved to be a great success at St. Laurent High's first pep rally. Glen Kennedy was the leader of the group accompanying the girls on guitar.

I would like to take time to thank Howard Leung, the other fine guitarist and especially Paul Nichols, who did such a wonderful job as emcee, at the rally itself.

## TEACHERS CLUB

Second Row: Rona Galganov, Bev Shinder, Paula Markovitch, Marla Segal, Elaine Levy, Katrin Partelpoeg, Eileen Rosenberg, Suzie Schwarz, Victoria Baker, Miss Starkey (advisor).

First Row: Elizabeth Campbell, Nevine Shehata, Susi Saab (pres.), Paula Klein, Mona Itel, Ada Walsh, Pearl Goldman (vice-pres.).



## CHESS CLUB



## DOMINION MARKSMEN

Second Row: George Warren, Gary Plastino, Mike Weiss, Gary Enkel, Stuart Allen.

First Row: Steven Rae (pres.), Henry Apai (vice-pres.).



## PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Senior: Winner — Tina Loesser.  
Runners-up — Diane Stahr, Harvey Aisen-  
thal and Paul Nichols.  
Junior: Winner — Delvina Charnock.  
Runners-up — Debbie Shugar, Audrey  
Danaher, and Joyce Wills.

## UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Third Row: Frank Herman, Larry  
Rothe, Doug Dempster (pres.),  
Arthur Cunningham, Leo Turkel.  
Second Row: Mr. Berry (advisor),  
Bennie Mahlab, Earl Glazer, Haig  
Oghigian, Howard Cossaver,  
Gary Newton, Stephen Rae.  
First Row: Jeffrey Shindler, Sheila  
Dempster, Diane Revelins, Malle  
Hoovel, Ann Gall, Gary Brown.



## UNITED NATIONS CLUB

For the first time in our school's history, a UN club was formed. Members of this club attended meetings of the Intra-City United Nations League in the Hall Building of Sir George Williams University on Friday nights, where the issues of the day were discussed. Also, six members of our club attended a weekend seminar on the United Nations at John F. Kennedy High School, where the speakers were Lesley Roberts and Peter Desbaretts. Active members of this club not only met students from other high schools but also discovered the spirit of the United Nations.

Doug Dempster



# IN MEMORIAM

## WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM

### OWEN ROSENZWEIG

One of our best friends and fellow-students, Owen Rosenzweig, passed away suddenly on March 26th after a lengthy illness. During most of this illness, Owen courageously kept up his studies at school and was looking forward to a useful career in some branch of hospital work, to which he had already devoted much of his limited energies. He was remarkable for his strong spirit, and will to lead a busy, normal life. His ready wit and willingness to help others are now remembered in fond sadness by all his classmates and teachers.

*Earlier in the year we lost another dear companion, JOAN CUSIAC, when she was fatally injured by an automobile on January 18th. Not long before the accident, Joan composed the following little story which illustrates her own characteristics: her ability to identify with a friend, to think for herself, and to scorn any kind of discrimination. She called it:*

#### THE REBEL



JOAN CUSIAK

While sitting in the park with my many friends one afternoon, I could not help but notice a tall, thin girl sitting on one of the benches near by. She appeared to be reading a book but after watching her for a few moments, I realized that she wasn't reading but only pretending to do so. For some strange reason, I could not take my eyes off her and when our eyes did eventually meet, I felt something which I had never felt before. I seemed to see the pain in her eyes along with an unbearable loneliness which I had never suffered. Her eyes were telling me that she needed my friendship desperately because she could not bear the loneliness any longer. It took me only a few moments to give her an answer. I smiled.

#### TO JOAN

Joan, if you were here  
You would understand  
Why we shed these tears.  
But you have gone,  
Our friend so dear.  
The words we say  
You cannot hear.  
The grief we feel  
Is of such greatness  
That we cannot conceal  
Our lonely pain.  
Only your leaving seems real.  
Our lives now seem empty,  
Unreal.  
What would the world come to  
If love should die  
When good friends do?  
Even though you are gone  
Our love remains true.  
We all know that some day  
We shall join you!

*A Friend*

Of course, I realized that my decision would mean the loss of many friends. I could hear their voices as I lay in my bed that night. They would tell me not to associate with those who are not my own kind and when I tell them that I have made my decision, they'll slowly walk the other way or whisper behind me. I could possibly never explain to them the hurt which I saw in that girl's eyes so I would not even attempt to do so. Yes, I had to be different from everyone else, only for myself. I knew that I could not live with myself if I did not follow this through.

The next morning I awoke as usual and prepared to go to school. Before I knew it, the day was over and everyone was going to the park for a discussion on the events of the day. I knew that a certain lonely girl would be there sitting on a certain bench with a book in her hands. Only today she would not be alone. This one thought made me hurry along.

Joan Cusiak



# ART



ALICE ROUAH 1st. Prize Senior



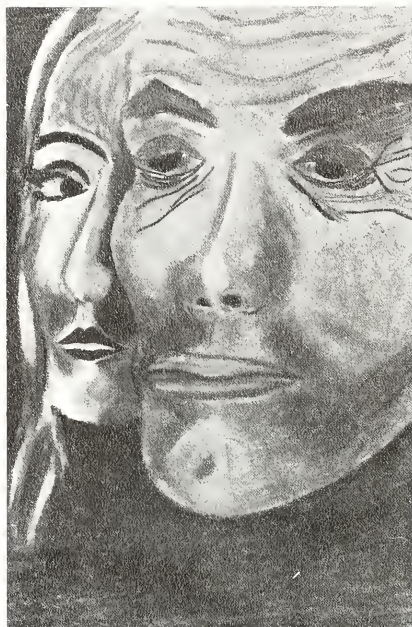
BRENDA TIERNEY 2nd. Prize Senior



ESTLER MARIANO 1st. Prize Junior



CAROLYN KATO Hon. Mention Junior



FACES by GLEN KENNEDY



SUSAN SABO Hon. Mention



EARTHRISE ON THE MOON? by DIANE REVELINS

# CARNIVAL WEEK



A "GARBAGE" PILE-UP



INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL  
BETWEEN ST. L.H.S. AND  
DUNTON HIGH



THE "DATING" GAME



SOME OF OUR OWN



"AGONY

AND ECSTASY"



DENNIS KING, HIS REVUE, AND OUR MASCOT  
(IN BACKGROUND) AT ST. L.H.S. CORONATION  
DANCE.



TEACHERS VS. STUDENTS  
BASKETBALL GAME



QUEEN  
Alice Rouah



KING  
Eric Bell

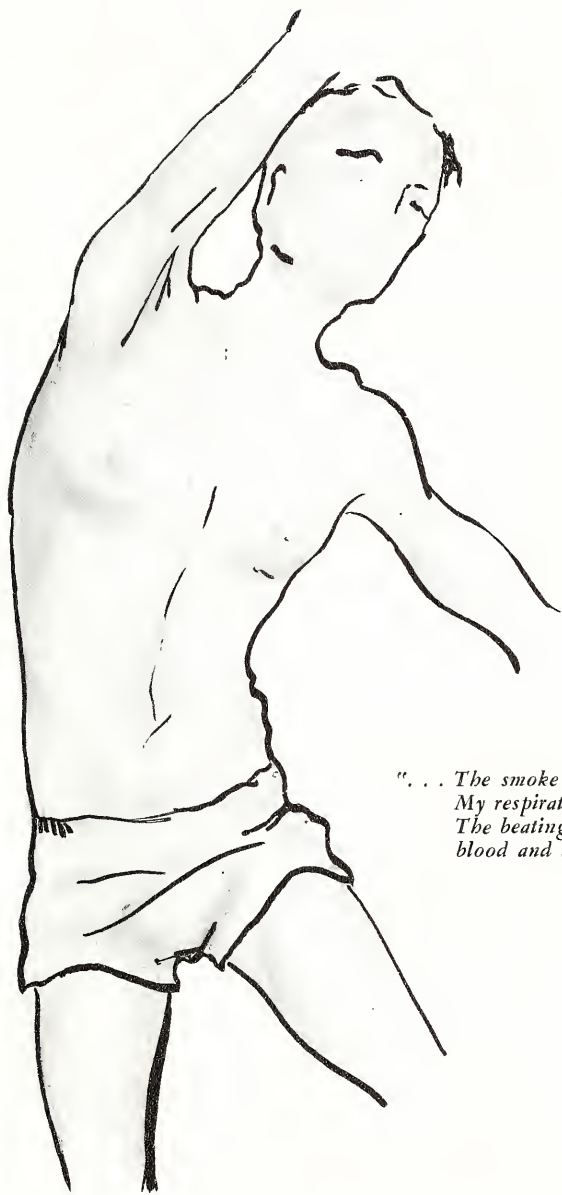


PRINCESS  
Joanne Lester



PRINCE  
Mark Pritzker





*" . . . The smoke of my own breath,  
My respiration and inspiration,  
The beating of my heart, the passing of  
blood and air through my lungs . . . "*

*by Walt Whitman*



## HOUSE CAPTAINS

Anne Diamond, Barbara Dawson, Claudia Sorenson, Alice Rouah, Mrs. Reynolds.

## JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Junior Basketball team was formed from Bantam and Junior girls. Their league included Malcolm Campbell, Sir Winston Churchill, Mount Royal, Northmount and St. Laurent. They also practised at 8:00 A.M. and noon hour. St. Laurent played each school twice, but unfortunately they did not manage to defeat any school, although most of the scores were close. The team would like to thank Mrs. Reynolds who helped to keep up their spirits during the games.



## NEWCOMB INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

### LOWER HOUSE/GOLD

Second Row: Mrs. Reynolds, Bonnie Sharf, Lark Rannie.

First Row: Lynn Shannon, Cathie Cullen (capt.), Joanne Lester, Sharon Clark.

## INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

### LOWER HOUSE/GOLD

Second Row: Lynn Shannon, Bonnie Sharf, Joanne Lester, Lark Rannie, Mrs. Reynolds.

First Row: Debbie Sleno, Cathie Cullen (capt.), Sharon Clark.

## BLACK HOUSE SOFTBALL

Last September there was an intramural softball tournament in which there was a large turnout of girls. Most of the games were held after school. Green and black were very close but at a playoff game, Black was victorious. Although there can be only one winner, all the girls had a great deal of fun. Good Luck to next year's soft ball teams.



## UPPER HOUSE/GREEN

Dawn Gilpin, Sheila Chaplin, Ann Diamond (capt.)  
Pam Rourke, Carol Ciup (missing).

## SENIOR BASKETBALL

This year the Intermediates and Seniors joined together to form a Senior team. Practices were held at 8:00 A.M. and at noon hour. They played in a league composed of Malcolm Campbell, Northmount, Mount Royal and themselves. Although the girls worked hard they were unable to win any games but they showed improvement. Thanks goes to Mrs. Reynolds who gave many hours of her time to help the time.



## SENIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

Third Row: Debbie Rostoker, Claudia Sorenson, Neil Carpenter, Pam Rourke, Marlene Yuen.

Second Row: Barb Dawson, Ann Grant, Pearl Pal, Irene Tyliakos, Linda Sandilands, Mrs. Reynolds.

First Row: Sheila Chaplin, Carolyn Allen, Dawn Gilpin, Anne Diamond, Nancy Murphy.



## HOUSE LEAGUE SOFTBALL CHAMPIONS

Second Row: Marlene Yuen, Anne Grant, Pearl Pal, Nancy Murphy, Linda Sandilands, Mrs. Reynolds.

First Row: Shirley Williams, Penny McDonald, Barb Dawson (capt.), Susan Beck, Irene Tyliakos.





## UPPER GREEN AND LOWER BLACK BASKETBALL

The intramural Basketball teams were divided into two sections — upper and lower house. Because of the amount of enthusiasm there was a large attendance at all the games. In the upper houses Green battled against Black for first place in the three game match, and in the lower houses Green played Black. Upper Green was the winner in their section and Lower Black in theirs. Again, thanks goes to Mrs. Reynolds for organizing the tournament.

## JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

Third Row: Shirley Williams, Lark Rannie, Sany Eggleton, Audrey Danaher.

Second Row: Susan Beck, Linda Dorman, Penny MacDonald, Cathie Cullen, Joanne Lester, Mrs. Reynolds.

First Row: Esther Mariano, Elaine Goat, Yvonne Holden, Heather McCaig, Annie Savarikas



## INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS

Second Row: Mrs. Reynolds, Norma Shears, Ellen Crause, Carol Carpmann, Brenda Schicter.

First Row: Marilyn Smith, Andrea Ferenci, Elizabeth Cambell, Elaine Wasserman.



## CHEERLEADERS

This year a long awaited group of cheerleaders was formed under the supervision of Miss August. The girls practised hard and their efforts were exhibited at St. Laurent's Basketball games. The cheerleaders are grateful to Miss August, without whom the group would not have been possible.

Top: Alice Rouah, Anne Grant, Dawn Gilpin.  
Bottom: Anne Diamond, Susi Snab, Pearl Pal.



## SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Third Row: D. Murphy, G. Newton, M. Weiss, J. Nathanson, P. Nichols.

Second Row: L. Sweezey, A. Hawes, W. Fritz, H. Nerdivanian, Mr. Paul (coach).

First Row: M. Morel, G. Enkel, R. Frank, L. Turkel, B. Mahlab, S. Sinchein.

## INTERSCHOLASTIC SOCCER

Soccer at St. Laurent High this year was rather uneventful, except for the outstanding play by Allan Hawes, George Denesovitch, and David Murphy. Mr. Paul did a good job coaching the team and all the boys appreciate his fine work.



## SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Second Row: Mr. Mirman (coach), G. Newton, P. Nichols, M. Weiss, D. Murphy, N. Carpenter.

First Row: R. Frank, J. Nathanson, R. Mahlab, L. Sweezey, R. Darwish.



## INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL 10 & 11

Second Row: R. Heckler, G. Warren, N. Carpenter, G. Brown.

First Row: D. Spector, P. Nichols (captain), L. Sweezey.



## INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL 10 & 11

Second Row: Gary Newton, Paul Nichols.

First Row: Joel Nathanson, David Murphy, Fred Anderson.

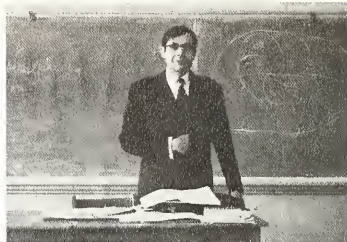




**1st PRIZE**

Eric Partlepoe g.

"I STILL THINK IT'S FLAT"



**2nd PRIZE**

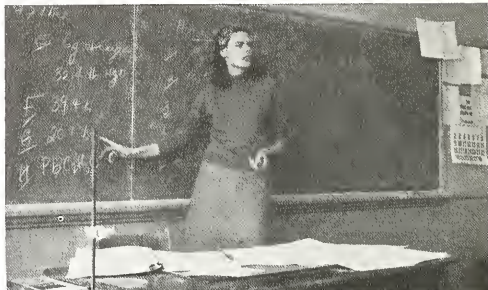
André Lavergne

"TO-DAY THE FRENCH CLASS,  
TOMORROW THE WORLD..."



Harvey Soicher

"EUREKA"



André Lavergne

"THE EVIDENCE IS CONCLUSIVE... TWENTY  
PERCENT FEWER TEETH WITH CREST."



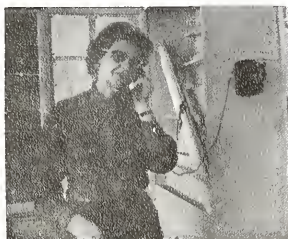
Nancy Thompson

"WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEBODY  
YOUR OWN SIZE?"



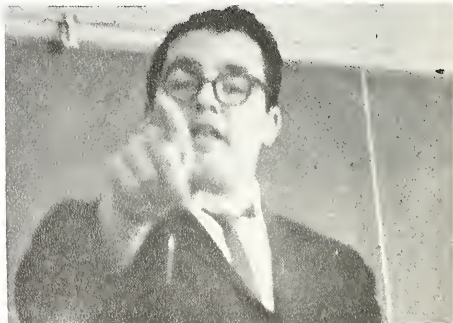
Nancy Thompson

"OH, OH! MY DANDRUFF MUST BE SHOWING.  
LOOK AT THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME."



Eric Partlepoe g

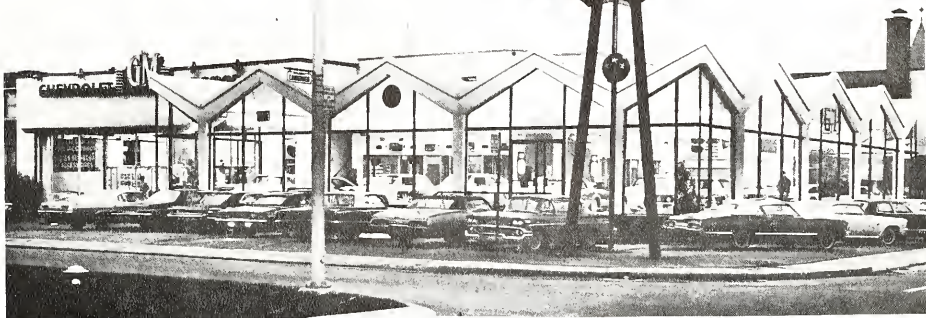
"WOMEN WILL BE WOMEN"



Eric Partlepoe g

"UNCLE MIRMAN WANTS YOU !"





Compliments of

**ROYAL MOUNT KIWANIS**

**DRIVER EDUCATION**

of

**ST. LAURENT**

**HIGH SCHOOL**

**INSTRUCTORS:**

**MR. LOUGH and MR. SHAW**



J. SHINDLER AT THE WHEEL OF  
DRIVING SCHOOL CAR FROM BARNABE MOTORS

## MISS CFOX — DAWN GILPIN REPORTS



This year it has been my pleasure to represent the school as Miss CFOX. As an introduction to CFOX, a party was held at the Hilton Dorval. This was my first opportunity to taste caviar — terrible stuff!! and also to have my voice taped — a failure 'til the fourth attempt. Over station CFOX, reports of our school activities — sports, dances, scholarship fund, etc., and the number one song were then aired every Tuesday evening at 8:15.

In the latter half of the year, CFOX in co-operation with Morgan's have presented a fashion show with the Miss CFOX reps as models. Here I am, at Morgan's downtown, modelling a yellow nylon raincoat and hat, with Karen Lagassic of H. S. Bilings and "Honey". In the background is Ralph Lockwood.

Thank you students, for enabling me to have such a great year with the CFOX staff!!

Dawn Gilpin

## CBC YOUTH COUNCIL

The CBC Youth Council was formed for students in the Montreal area high schools to show what goes on in the vast communications media. After attending several field trips to the CBC Building and actually witnessing several productions the Council went out to produce their own shows, films, and radio programmes, for future CBC broadcasts.

Left to Right: Sheldon Korentayer, Mike Weiss.



## TEACHING CAREER CLUB AT THE MACDONALD ROYAL '69

The memory of MacDonald College will be a happy one in the minds of the twenty-five students who boarded the bus for Ste. Anne de Bellevue on Friday, February twenty-first. In welcoming students from various high schools and CEGEPS, this college, an incorporated part of McGill University, presented an invaluable opportunity to those interested in the Agriculture, School of Food Science and Teacher Training offered there. The bilingual theme of their High School Students Day was "LISTEN WORLD — MONDE ECOUTEZ", in which the controversial situation in Quebec today was approached with unification in study and education in both French and English.

Highlights of the day were a fashion show, a livestock show and the Physical Education Gymnastics Display. The fashion show, "LA BOUTIQUE", was sponsored by the members of all faculties, particularly the Food Science girls, who modelled the clothes they themselves had made as students in Home Economics. This Tea and Fashion Show proved to be both entertaining and relaxing while still stressing the importance of the courses they represented. The Gym Display, being set to music, exhibited timing, grace and high physical fitness. In accordance with the theme, a French language Laboratory opened its doors to those who appreciate that bilingualism and biculturalism is a necessity. Advancement in this field is rapid and those who attended were duly impressed by this fact, bearing out the hope of most of us that our future here in Quebec will be both interesting and promising. We explored the display of Science Education, including animal dissection, typing of the blood, hearing tests and a food laboratory. Due to its many points of interest, this department was most frequently revisited. Our comprehension of the audio visual display, which included film strips, reading machines and opaque projectors, was improved after several discussions with students and staff. However, the art methods shown in this same room proved that art is definitely not obsolete. Besides creativity in graphic arts and sculpture, we viewed geographical, musical and linguistic arts.

Finally, those who reserve a place in their hearts for small children enjoyed the enchantment of the kindergarten. Memories of pre-school days were revived as we were shown the drawings, sculptures and precious compositions of the industrious and proud five year olds.

PEARL GOLDMAN

# Class of '68



## PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS

The Commissioners' Silver Medals, awarded to the boy and the girl leading in the High School Leaving Examinations . . . . .	JOHN SUTHERLAND MARILYN SHUGAR
The Henry Birks and Sons' Silver Medal . . . . .	JEFFREY WISEMAN
The Henry Birks and Sons' Bronze Medal . . . . .	KENNETH PEEL
The Royal Mount Kiwanis Club Scholarship, given in memory of the late Harry deLuca . . . . .	JOHN SUTHERLAND
The St. Laurent High School Scholarships . . . . .	JEFFREY WISEMAN KENNETH PEEL
The Canadair Limited Scholarships . . . . .	MARILYN SHUGAR DANIEL SAYKALY
The St. Laurent-Mount Royal Rotary Club Scholarship . . . . .	ANNE McLEAN
The Steinberg's Limited Bursaries . . . . .	GARY KOBER HARRY BRUN
The Barnabé Motors Scholarship . . . . .	BRUCE CURWOOD
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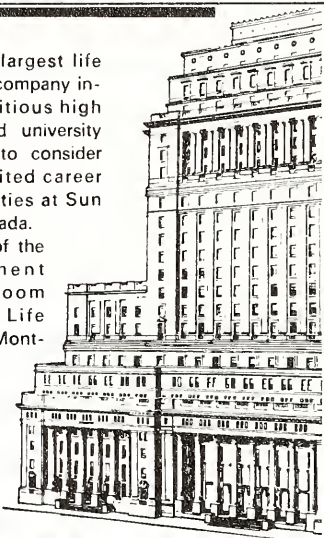
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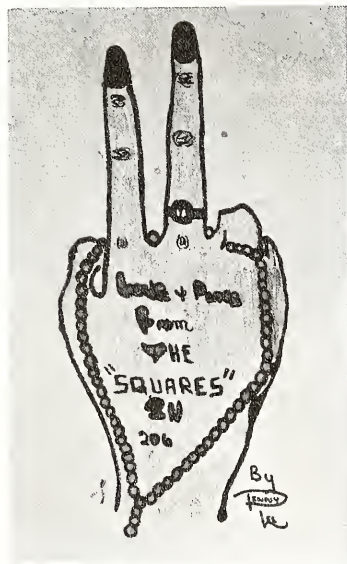
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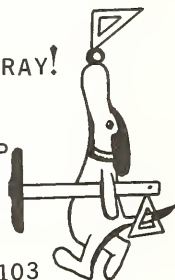
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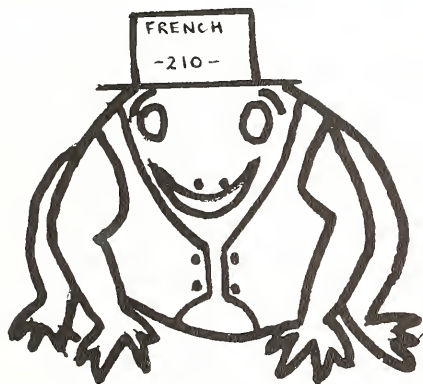
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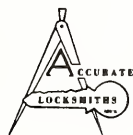
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